

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1190.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1839.

PRICE 8d.  
Stamped Edition, 9d.

### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Almanach des Chasseurs, pour l'Année de Chasse, 1839-1840.* By E. Blaze. 1 vol. 18mo. Paris. Tresse, Palais Royal.

The month of September has commenced most auspiciously for the French sporting world: the weather is delightful, the crops are all got in; there is abundance of game, and there are so many improvements recently made in guns, powder, and shot, and all kinds of shooting apparatus, that it will be the fault of a certain unmentionable old gentleman if Monsieur le Chasseur does not achieve some splendid feats this season. Accordingly the little work which we have prefixed to our article, makes its appearance this year for the first time; and, not to omit celebrating so important an event in the literary annals of the epoch, we propose to say a word or two upon the volume after sundry prolegomena upon French sporting in general.

In former days, when the old nobility were in their proper degree of splendour, when their estates were as ample as those of the aristocracy of Germany or Britain, and when they lived in their magnificent châteaux, keeping up a grand and generous system of hospitality for all comers, no country in the world was more given to hunting and shooting, no country pursued these sports on a wider and more noble scale, than France. Her ample plains, covered with corn or vines, produced not only the partridge and the hare, but also innumerable clouds of quails, bustards in abundance, and land-rails in plenty. There were then, as there are now, two kinds of partridges, the red and the gray; and in the parks and inclosed woods, pheasants were to be found in at least as large a proportion as they were in England. In her forests France had, as she still has, the red-deer in abundance, the chevreuil, or roebuck, the wild-boar, the wolf, the fox, and in the south and east the bear. In water-birds France was always exceedingly rich, for her rivers were much neglected, and indeed still are so; and along her coasts, and up her numerous creeks, as well as all along the lowlands of the west upon the Loire, and in the north-east upon the Meuse and Scheldt, wild-fowl of every species was and is to be met with in the greatest variety and abundance. Most of these *ferae naturae* remain to France still, but the wilder and nobler animals are greatly diminished in number. We believe that in former times the black-cock was to be found in considerable numbers among the Ardennes and the Vosges; it is now a scarce bird: but the birds of prey, no ignoble spoil when the difficulty of killing them is taken into account, are plenty as ever; and the oldest shot will still find enough to try his skill upon, of almost every European kind of the "winged inhabitants of air." Other wild animals, generally despised by the British sportsman, probably because he has not often got them to shoot, are still common in France. Thus badgers, otters, all kinds of polecats and that family, are common objects of pursuit with the French farmer; of rabbits we say nothing, seeing that they swarm in every copse and wood.

The great Revolution, in striking a mortal

blow at the political existence of the nobility, destroyed at the same time the social system, founded on the feudal constitution of the country. It would have been well if it had done only this, but it also broke up all the social relations, and for a time annihilated all the enjoyments of French country life. Every body has heard of the grand hunting matches that used to take place at Versailles and Chantilly; every body knows that the French monarch's hunting train was like a little army; that the sports of the field were made a serious affair of state, and that they formed fully as much, if not more than in England, the main objects of a French nobleman's life in the country. Whoever has visited the two royal palaces mentioned above, or has seen some of the larger châteaux, in various parts of France, cannot but have observed the immense space afforded to the stabling, the kennels, &c.; and we have only to dip into contemporaneous memoirs, or to examine pictures painted at the time, to be convinced that France was once as decidedly sporting a nation as any in the world. But the levelling of ranks with all its pernicious consequences, the breaking up of landed property, and the fatal regulation for its indefinite subdivision, consequent upon the equal partition that takes place among the heirs of any proprietor,—these things have entirely destroyed the race of what we may call country nobility (*noblesse de province*), and country gentlemen; effecting at the same time, as a natural consequence, the ruin of the sporting system to which we have before alluded. This is no small injury to the country, for it has tended to foster that frivolity and want of independence, manly spirit of which the French upper classes may certainly be accused. It thereby acts detrimentally upon the political condition of the nation; and, what comes nearer to our subject, it has obliterated the charming *vie de château*, which our grandfathers can still tell us used to be so agreeable a feature of continental existence. Nothing can be more insipid than the manner in which a French fashionable spends his days in the country: a novel before breakfast; billiards till three or four; possibly a walk, or a ride (if he has got a horse), till dinner; *café*; and billiards till eleven;—such is the daily round in nine French châteaux out of ten. If there be any sporting at all, it amounts to a shot at some sparrows in the *basse-cour*; rarely to a blaze at a stray lark outside the garden-wall; seldom, we might almost say never, to a ride after a stag down the straight alley of a wood. The only persons in France who keep up sporting propensities on any thing like a systematic scale, are the larger farmers, the petty country gentlemen (what few there are), and the *gardes de chasse*! An exception—an honourable one—is to be made in favour of some of the higher nobility, the remnants of the great families of olden times, who live still in the same style as the nobles of England; but the generality of the upper classes of France are as we have described them in their amusements—degenerate and effeminate; while all that swarm of *parvenus* with which the country is infested,

are as heterocelite in their pursuits as they are in their origin. The farmer and small land-owner (still a very honest and promising class in France) is the principal person for enjoying a country life, and sporting of various kinds as its natural concomitant. He is accordingly a pretty faithful votary of Diana, and during six months of the year may be seen with his gun on his shoulder, his game-bag at his side, and his short-tailed pointer, or long wiry-haired lurcher at his heels, walking up every corner of the country. Hunting with packs, and on horseback, is nearly entirely abandoned, some bastard attempts are made from time to time, by a few English residents, but they are very poor affairs, and it may be said generally that the gun and the net are the only sporting implements now in use in France. The main fault of the French chasseur, indeed, is that he is a pot-hunter: nothing comes amiss to his bag; and when he puts up a covey of birds, he thinks nearly as much of his dinner as he does of the honour of bringing a brace of them down.

This spirit shews itself rather ludicrous at times. A Frenchman, when his mind is really bent on "going a-gunning," has no notion of flaring away his powder and scattering his shot for nothing; hence he will not only fire at every bird or wild animal he meets with, but what is more, he will eat it, whatever it may be, when he once gets it home. A fine tough jay, or a lean old crow, a blackbird, a sparrow, or even a cock-robin,—every thing is game that comes to his bag. A stray duck has no chance of salvation within range of Monsieur's artillery; and should he by any chance succeed in shooting within killing distance of a wood-pigeon, he sets it down as a *brillant fait d'armes*. What he does himself, he teaches his dog to do; and we recollect being out once in the field with a French sportsman, when "Médore," after making a dead point of near five minutes, sprung a lark, and our Gallic companion, after blazing away unsuccessfully, ran in ecstasy to the dog, and patting it exclaimed, "*Voilà un bon chien de flaireur un si petit oiseau!*"

However, we are inclined to think that the French are mending in this respect; we have great hopes of the rising generation; and if, as we have no doubt, another twenty years do not pass away without a stop being put to the equal division of property system, there will be, sooner or later, a return to the habits of country life for which the French of former days were celebrated. The sooner this comes the better, for they will then learn how to make the most of their magnificent country, and something will have been done towards repairing the damage occasioned by that great political curse, the Revolution. Unfortunately, the younger branch of the Bourbons do nothing to encourage country sports: they subscribe to races, and they keep up some stud establishments; but as for hunting and shooting, *c'est une autre affaire*,—they know as little of them as they do of music. Still, we repeat, we have hopes of better things for France.

That the French chasseur looks after the pot is undoubtedly true; and a happy thing it

is for the English visitor to Paris; for he finds an abundance and variety of game in that capital that suits his palate uncommonly well. *O mihi præteritis referat si Jupiter annos!*—and the many a good dinner at Very's, or the *Trois Frères Provençaux*, that we have often enjoyed;—when the salmis de perdrix, and the bécasses aux olives, and the faisans en croquettes, and the caisses à la financière, and the pâté de lièvre, and the filets de chevreuil sautés au vin de Champagne, smoked on the board, and regaled our indulging person. We protest that the very memory of such things makes us sad! There is not a finer sight in Europe than Chevet's shop in the Palais Royal at Christmas;—such profusion! such variety!—whole bucks; wild hares at either door, duly supported by chevreuils, and flanked by coveys of partridges, broods of pheasants, and companies of quails; a whole mountain of pâtés de foie-gras, and about a ton weight of truffled turkeys; here and there a tunny or a sturgeon; salmon and turbot lying about as common as herrings; fruit!—oh, that fruit!—and the green peas, the asparagus, and the new potatoes! and the liqueurs, and the choice wines, and all the good things in the rear!—it is enough to turn one crazy to think of it! It is a positive fact:—Dom Miguel, when he was in Paris some ten years ago, used to spend a quarter of an hour every day looking into Chevet's shop; and we, gentle reader—even our own selves—we used to do the same! *Honneur au chasseur Français! immortalité à la cuisine Française!*

While the French have plenty of excellent game to pursue, they have not been dull in making considerable improvements in their fowling-pieces, and in all kinds of sporting apparatus. We do not say that they can produce any barrels like those of poor old Joe Manton, but they have made great strides of late in the art of forging good iron for their fowling-pieces, and for adapting them in most ingenious manners to their stocks. The art of highly sculpturing the stock is now nearly gone out of fashion, or at least is confined to the manufactures of Lyons and St. Etienne; inlaid work, on the other hand, is much used; and nearly every piece now sold is made to open with a hinge of some kind or other, and to receive its charge at the breast. New safety-locks of all kinds have been invented; and, in short, very great attention has been paid to the subject: the French arms are now in finish quite equal to those of the best London makers, though, we suspect, still a good deal behind them in temper and the capability of standing service. Lepage, in the Rue de Richelieu, is undoubtedly the first manufacturer of fowling-pieces; Lefaucheux is a good one; so is Robert, the no-hammer, no-nipple, fifteen times-in-a-minute man: in short, there is no scarcity of good makers, and at moderate prices (10*l.* to 20*l.*), in the French metropolis. As to shooting-belts, shooting-gaiters, game-bags, gun-cases, &c., the French, strange as it may seem, beat us all to nothing. There is a *savoir faire* about their articles of this kind that we certainly do not meet with on the British side of the Channel; and we are surprised that several valuable hints, in common application throughout France, have not been long ago imported into England. The fact is, that in all leathern goods there is an immense superiority in favour of France.—But to our book.

Monsieur Blaze is a droll dog, as will be seen from the following pithy introduction, under the head of *Seasons*:

"The profane reckon four seasons in the

year; sportsmen know only of two: 1. that in which men hunt; 2. that in which men hunt not. The former begins on the 1st of September, and ends the 28th February; the latter begins the 1st March, and ends the 31st August. During leap-year the hunting season lasts one day more; and, in 1840, will not be closed till the 29th February."

We then find the following:

"Annual Festivals.—20th September, St. Eustache; 3d November, St. Hubert; 11th November, St. Martin; 28th January, St. Charlemagne; 28th March, St. Gontran; 6th June, St. Norbert; 31st July, St. Germain l'Auxerrois; 25th August, St. Louis.—No doubt there exist in Paradise many other saints who were huntsmen: we will use our best endeavours to find them out from the ancient legends, and will point them out to the pious observations of our readers: you can never have too many protectors in Heaven."

If this is not the right Catholic doctrine of hunting, we do not know what is. The almanack-maker then points out to his fellow-sportsman the four solemn fasting seasons of the year, according to the doctrines of the Church; and afterwards, under guise of a preface, gives us a rather humorous dissertation on Matthew Lænsbergh, the author, or supposed author, of the "Triple Liegeois Almanach," and the "Moore"—the "Almanack Moore" of France. After the regular astronomical part of the book comes a notice of each month of the year, beginning of course with September; and at the head of each division a proverb, in *verse plus ou moins mauvais*. This part of the work he heads by the pompous words *Cynegetical Operations*; and then informs us of all the main facts relative to the treatment of dogs, the preserving of game, hunting of ditto; the arrival and departure of migratory birds, &c. Among other maxims not to be neglected is that of having puppies vaccinated, as an infallible prevention of the distemper. He is up to the crafty expedient of putting plenty of bushes about stubble-fields to keep off poachers with nets, and, indeed, shews a laudable disapprobation of all poaching practices whenever it falls in his way. [We may remind our readers, that the law is fully as severe in France against poachers, *quodam* trespassers, as ever it was in England.] M. Blaze tries his hand in another part of his book at some prognostications, but he is apparently not up to this part of his trade: as a compensation, he inserts a collection of old proverbs upon the weather, &c., which are worthy of extraction:—

"Rongé de sere,  
Bœu tém espère;  
Rouge de matin,  
Bagné sous vesin."—*Provencal proverb.*

"Troupe d'oiseaux, laissant les bois,  
Cherchant tant villes que villages;  
Nous a bien prédit plusieurs fois,"

*Forêt pluie et grands orages.*"—*French proverb.*

"Si tu te sens pique des mouches,  
La pluie va tomber sur les souches."—*Do.*

"Temps pommele, femme fardée,  
Ne sont pas de longue durée."—*Do.*

"Tant vente qu'il pleut;  
Cum bene spiravit, desperata unda fluit."—*Do.*

"Boire eau point ne never  
Aux mols ou R trouverez."—*Do.*

"Aux mois qui sont escriptz en R,  
Eau fault metre dedans son verre."—*Do.*

"Mensibus erratis purissima vina bibatis,  
R quibus est nullum, dilutat unda merum."—*Lat. prov.*

The *Almanach*, towards the end, contains a life of St. Hubert, the great patron of all hunters, and a cut of the miraculous stag with a crucifix between his horns, the sight of which in a forest led to the conversion of the huntsman Hubert, and ultimately opened for him the

gates of Paradise. The book is terminated by a very useful table, regularly scored and lined, for entering day by day, in every month of the year, each head of game killed by any individual; and as the list of names is curious we shall give it, as shewing what sort of game is to be met with in France at the present day:—

"Stags, wild-boars, wolves, chevreuils, foxes, badgers, hares, rabbits, polecats, weasels, pheasants, red partridges, gray ditto, quails, land-rails, water-rails, water-hens, wild ducks, black-cocks, woodcocks, snipes, red plovers, green ditto (lapwings), hawks, ring-doves, turtle-doves, magpies, and jays."

We shall only add, that it is well worth while for a British sportsman, tired of the monotonous routine of partridges and pheasants, hares and rabbits, of England, to go over to France for the shooting season, where the immense forests which abound are sure to afford him excellent diversion. A few five-franc pieces judiciously distributed among the *gardes de chasse* of the royal forests, or perhaps a napoleon or two upon occasion, with a couple of good dinners to the country gentlemen and landowners of any particular district, will open all the sporting riches of the land to any person, even a stranger, and particularly to a foreigner.

*Heath's Book of Beauty, 1840: with beautifully finished Engravings.* Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London, Longman and Co.; Paris, Fishéen and Co.

LADY BLESSINGTON deserves an editorial palm, not only for her own writings, but for the taste and skill with which she musters her company of contributors. No Sergeant Plume ever recruited more successfully than the fair "White Sergeant" of the *Book of Beauty* has done; and filled up the *rank* and file from so many quarters, with so good-looking, though various, a poetical and literary squad. A glance over the contents of this year's volume will prove the case.

"The Valley of Thebes," by B. Disraeli, is a striking Egyptian sketch. "The Wife to the Wooer," by Sir E. L. Bulwer, a short poem containing the matter of a long tale, and in this respect, a very original ballad. "The Lottery of Life," by Mr. R. Bernal, is truth-like and unadorned. Circumstances of a sorrowful character are related without an attempt to make them more impressive by high-wrought description. An "Imaginary Conversation" by Landor (Milton, Galileo, and a Dominican), is worthy of his fame in this species of composition. A Turkish Tale, by Miss Romer, deserves our praise; and "The Jilt," by Miss L. H. Sheridan, contains some fine reflective passages, but is wanting in point of interest: it is more of a lesson than an entertainment. "A Traveller's Story," by J. R. Chorley, possesses no peculiar feature; and "The Dream," by Lady Blessington, shews that when she pleases to enter the lists with our best Irish story-tellers, she may take her seat very high at the board. Mrs. S. C. Hall has a companion to this in "Take it Easy;" but we have seen superior productions of the same kind from the same pen. "The Improvident," by Captain Daniel, is the life and execution of a French *roué*, remarkable in incident, and well told. "The Maniac," by Miss C. Toulmin, is a forcible poetic picture; and "Love and Nature," by Mr. Milnes, a sweet little poem. "Titian's Dream," by Mr. Hume Plunkett, is an appropriate anecdote of the painter, and described with due enthusiasm. "Russian Sketches," by Lady Londonderry, as before, real and well chosen. "A Legend," by Lord

W. Lennox, is a simple tale of lowly condition, tragic in itself, but narrated with commendable simplicity. Mr. H. L. Bulwer gives us "A Strange Story," and, sooth to say, it is not only strange, but abrupt and broken enough to puzzle us. "The Fatal Hand," by Colonel Henry Webster, is a brief but stirring piece, not spun out, and concluding with effect. "El Noviazgo," by Mr. F. Cuthbert, a pleasant sketch of Spanish manners, especially as regards their early affiances and long courtships; and "An Arabian Tale," by Mr. Wilkinson, though founded on the use of familiar supernatural gifts, very consonantly finishes the text in this handsome specimen of binding, with, as it will after our catalogue be allowed, an inside to match. We have forborne to enumerate a number of slighter productions, the verses made to the portraits, and a few others. The portraits themselves are twelve in number, by Chalon (5), Bostock (3), Lucas, Robinson, Fisher, and Holmes (one each).

We have now only to select a few examples of the literary merits of this pictorial volume. First, from Landor :

"Galileo.—Speak freely; and I will speak freely too. In no other man's presence, for these many years, indeed from my very childhood, have I done it. Milton.—Sad fate for any man! most sad for one like you! the follower of Truth, the companion of Reason in her wanderings on earth. Galileo.—We live among priests, and princes, and empoisoners.—Your dog, by his growling, seems to be taking up the quarrel against them. Milton.—We think and feel alike in many things. I have observed that the horses and dogs, of every country, bear a resemblance in character to the men. We English have a wonderful variety of both creatures. To begin with the horses: some are remarkable for strength, others for spirit; while in France there is little diversity of race; all are noisy and windy, skittish and mordacious, prancing and libidinous, fit only for a rope, and fond only of a riband. Where the riband is not to be had, the jowl of a badger will do: any thing but what is native to the creature is a decoration. In Flanders you find them slow and safe, tractable and substantial. In Italy there are few good for work, none for battle; many for light carriages, for standing at doors, and for every kind of street-work. Galileo.—Do let us get among the dogs. Milton.—In France, they are finely combed, and pert, and pettish; ready to bite if hurt, and to fondle if caressed; without fear, without animosity, without affection. In Italy they creep and shiver and rub their skins against you, and insinuate their slender barks into the patronage of your hand, and lick it, and look up modestly, and whine decorously, and supplicate with grace. The moment you give them any thing, they grow impudent; and the moment you refuse them, they bite. In Spain and England the races are similar; so indeed are those of the men. Spaniards are Englishmen in an ungrafted state, however with this great difference, that the English have ever been the least cruel of nations, excepting the Swedes; and the Spaniards the most cruel, excepting the French. Then they were under one and the same religion,—the most sanguinary and sordid of all the institutions that ever pressed upon mankind. Galileo.—To the dogs, to the dogs again, be they of what breed they may. Milton.—The worst of them could never have driven you up into this corner, merely because he had been dreaming, and you had disturbed his dream. How long shall this endure? Galileo.—I sometimes ask

God how long. I should repine, and almost despair, in putting the question to myself or another. Milton.—Be strong in Him, through reason, his great gift. Galileo.—I fail not, and shall not fail! I can fancy that the heaviest link in my heavy chain has dropped off me since you entered. Milton.—Let me then praise our God for it! Those alone are no criminal who placed you here, but those no less who left unto them the power of doing it. If the learned and intelligent in all the regions of Europe would unite their learning and intellect, and would exert their energy in disseminating the truth throughout the countries they inhabit, soon must the ignorant and oppressive, now at the summit of power, resign their offices; and the most versatile nations, after this purifying and perfect revolution, rest for ages. But, bursting from their collegiate kennels, they range and hunt only for their masters; and are content at last to rear up and catch the offal thrown among them negligently, and often too with scourges on their cringing spines, as they scramble for it. Do they run through mire and thorns, do they sweat from their tongues' ends, do they breathe out blood for this? \* \* \* Galileo.—There are worse evils than blindness, and the best men suffer most by them. The spirit of liberty, now rising up in your country, will excite a blind enthusiasm, and leave behind a bitter disappointment. Vicious men will grow popular, and the interests of the nation will be intrusted to them, because they descend from their station, in order, as they say, to serve you. Milton.—Profligate impostors! We know there are such among us; but truth shall prevail against them. Galileo.—In argument, truth always prevails finally; in politics, falsehood always; else would never states fall into decay. Even good men, if indeed good men will ever mix with evil ones for any purpose, take up the trade of politics, at first intending to deal honestly; the calm bower of the conscience is soon converted into the booth of inebriating popularity; the shouts of the multitude then grow unexciting, then indifferent, then troublesome; lastly, the riotous supporters of the condescendent falling half-asleep, he looks agape in their faces, springs upon his legs again, flings the door behind him, and escapes in the livery of Power. When Satan would have led our Saviour into temptation, he did not conduct him where the looser passions were wandering; he did not conduct him amid flowers and herbage, where a fall would have only been a solitaire to our frail human nature; no, he led him up to an exceedingly high mountain, and shewed him palaces and towers and treasures, knowing that it was by those alone that he himself could have been so utterly lost to rectitude and beatitude. Our Saviour spurned the temptation, and the greatest of His miracles was accomplished. After which, even the father of lies never ventured to dispute His divine nature. \* \* Milton.—Suffer me still to bend in reverence and humility on this hand, now stricken with years and with captivity!—on this hand, which Science has followed, which God himself has guided, and before which all the worlds above us, in all their magnitudes and distances, have been thrown open. Galileo.—Ah my too-friendly enthusiast! may yours do more, and with impunity. Milton.—At least, be it instrumental in removing from the earth a few of her heaviest curses; a few of her oldest and worst impediments to liberty and wisdom—mitres, tiaras, crowns, and the trumpery whereon they rest. I know but two genera of men, the annual and

the perennial. Those who die down, and leave behind them no indication of the places whereon they grow, are cognate with the gross matter about them; those, on the contrary, who, ages after their departure, are able to sustain the lowliest, and to exalt the highest, those are surely the spirits of God, both when upon earth and when with Him."

We now turn to "The Dream," by Lady Blessington, which we cannot disturb by abbreviating or cutting down :

"And ye love him still, Kathleen? " Faith I do; and sore against my will, too, sometimes: but troth, mavourneen, for the life of me I can't help it." Yet, sure, haven't ye told me, that he's as cross as may be when he hasn't the dhrap of dhrink, and as cross as can be when he has it, that he neglects the childer, and snaps his fingers in ye'r face, when you want to keep him from the Dun Cow; and after all this ye love him? Well, for my part, I'm but a lone woman, to be sure, and never knew what it was—God he praised!—to have a man on my own floor, houlding out against me, ever since I lost my poor father—pace be to his soul!—last Christmas was eleven years; but I think I could no more bear with such treatment as you put up with, Kathleen, then I could fly." Aragh cuishlamchree; it is because you've been a lone woman, and have not been used to have a man on your floor, houlding out against you, that it seems so hard to bear. One gets used to every thing in the course of time; and many is the thing that seemed disagreeable enough at first, that has come so pleasant at last, that sure one has got to like it." That's what my poor ould granny used to say, in regard to the snuff. "When I began to take a snuffieen at first," said she, (may the heavens be her bed this blessed night!) "I didn't like it much; but after I had taken it for some time, faith I got used to it, and liked it; and many's the lonesome hour it has helped me over." Well, thin, so it is with a husband's ways; one feels saucy word, or an impudent shake of the head, just ready to answer him: but if one has the luck to keep in both, sure 't will be a great blessing." But how did ye find out the craft to keep 'em in, Kathleen? For, troth, they come so quick to me, whinever I'm vexed, that off they go, whether I will or no." Well, then, Pegg asthore, I'll tell you how it all happened. Though, as 'twas only a dhrream—a simple dhrream, mayhap you'll not think so seriously of it as I did. But dhrreams come direct from heaven; bekase, as they appear to us when we are asleep, and can't help ourselves, it's clear that God, who always purtects the helpless, sends 'em to us. Besides, sure, though the body is asleep, the soul is awake, and can better understand the thoughts that God sends when she is not bothered by the foolish rhaumeshe\* of the poor weak creature she is forced to lodge with for a time on this earth. Sure, Peggy, sleep is like death; it is a solemn and a holy thing, blessed be the Giver! And as in death the truth is shewn to us, so in sleep, the truth, or the shadow of truth, may be revealed, which, in our waking hours, we are too busy with bodily wants to listen to as we ought." Then faith, Kathleen, it's 'erself that's the quare woman to be believing in dhrreams! But tell me what it was you dhrreamt, avourneen." "Twas a fine summer evening, Peggy, as ever shone out of the heavens. The bees were flitting about from flower to flower, and saying, with their playant voices, 'What a sweet life we lade!' The birds were singing such music, that those

\* "Irish for idle talk."

who have once listened to it with the ears of their hearts, want no better. And the red sun was going to bed, behind purple curtains, fringed with gold, richer than any king's, when I sat at the open window,—that same window, Peggy, that you now see. The sweet smell of the flowers came to me; the brown cuckoo hopped over the field, and repeated his cry as clear as could be; the cows lowed in the distance, and every bird and baste,—ay, and the little tiny crathurs, that are smaller than the birds, might be heard too—all was so still and calm. Oh! in such summer-nights one may hear the voice of God, if one keeps one's mind quiet, and looks up to heaven! But my mind—God forgive me!—wasn't quiet, for I was vexed and angry. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'here I am, this beautiful night, and Andy promised he would come home before the sun had gone to bed; and there, he has drawn his purple curtains, and put out his blessed light, and yet the man of the house does not come to me! Sure, 'tis to the Dun Cow he's gone, to dhrink with them limbs of the devil; and this is the way that a poor woman is kept, like a mhoodaun,' watching the long hours, while he's spending the thrifl he's aird'n!' With that, up gets the anger in my breast, and the heart of me began to bate, and my cheeks got as hot as a lime-kiln. 'I'll go after him,' says I, 'to the Dun Cow, and give him a bit of my mind—that I will!' But then I began to remember that Biddy Phelan used to go after Mick, her husband, until he got so used to it, that he would say he couldn't go till Biddy came for him; and I said to myself, 'It shall never be said that I, a daent girl, wint after my husband to a shibeen shop.' 'But, thin, 'twould serve him right, and maybe taich him better,' whispered the Evil Spirit in my ears, 'if you were to spoke to him afore the wild boys he's dhrinking with; and I up, and threw the tail of my gound over my shoulders, and crossed the threshold. 'If he should speak crossly to you, Kathleen, before all them chaps, wouldn't it be a terrible downfal to ye?' said a little voice in my heart, no louder than the humming of a bee. 'Faith, 'tis yerself that's right enough,' said I; and I let down the tail of my gound, and begun to cry like a child. Well, I cried till I fell fast asleep; for, though people say that sleep seldom comes to the eyes that have been shedding tears, I have always found the contrary; and I remember the last thought I had afore I slept was, 'What a baste my husband was to leave me alone, while he was spending his airnings at the Dun Cow! I slept, and I dhrreamt that I was so angry with him, that I prayed to God to take him to himself; for that I'd rather lose him intirely, than have him continually laving me to go to the Dun Cow to throw away his money. 'Well, you shall have your will, honest woman,' says Death to me; and mighty strange it was, Peggy, I did not feel in the laste afraid of Death then, though the thoughts of him ever makes me feel a could shiver when I am awake, and look at those I love. 'But remember,' says Death, 'that once I have granted your prayer, you'll never see your husband again, except a corpse.' With that I saw my poor boy laid in his bed—our bed, where I came to him a bride, and where my arm had supported his poor aching head through many a long weary hour when he had the typhus fever. His face was as pale as marble, Peggy, when the moon is shining on it in the churchyard. His hair was like the boughs of the willow, wet and drooping with

the heavy dews of night; and his lips were cold and silent as the grave. Oh, God! I shall never forget what I felt, when I looked at him in that moment. I threw my arms around him—my hot tears drenched his frozen face—I called him by every tender name—but he answered me not, he heeded me not. The memory of all our love—the happy hours of our courtship—and the more happy ones when I first stood on his floor as a wife, came back to me; and I thought I had never really loved him before, as I now did. And there he lay, with that beauty on his pale and lifeless face, that Death gives when he has struck the blow, just as if he wished to make us more sorrowful for what we have lost. I thried all I could to remember how often my poor boy had vexed me, in the hopes of its stopping my grief; but—would you believe it, Peggy?—I could call to mind nothing but all the fond words and the loving actions of him, until my very heart seemed breaking, and I prayed to God either to restore him to life or to take me with him. 'Remember, woman,' said a voice that sounded like the wind when it comes sighing through a wood, when first the leaves begin to fall, 'remember that I tould you, if I granted your prayer for his death, you should never see him again but as a corpse.' Oh! how terrible did the words strike on my heart! and then I felt the fearful power of him the priest called the King of terrors. 'I'm thinking,' says he, 'tis yerself that's sorry enough for your wickedness in wishing for his death; but it's too late now. You couldn't bear to lose him for an hour or two at the Dun Cow, but now you must lose him for ever and a day. You'll see his playstant smile no more, nor hear his loving voice.' 'Andy, Andy, cuishlamachree, don't leave me! don't lave me!' cried I, like one that had lost all rason, and the big tears running down my cheeks! 'Faith, and I won't, my darlin,' said a voice, the sound of which I never expected to hear again in this world. 'Sure, here I am, my colleen dhas'; and he hugged me against his warm heart, for it was no other than Andy himself that had come home from the Dun Cow, and all the trouble I was in about his death was a dhrream. From that night I have never scoulded him, nor said a cross word about his going to the Dun Cow; for, whenever an angry thought was coming into my head, I remembered my dhrream, and thanked God he wasn't dead. Oh, Peggy, dear! Such warnings as that are blessed things, and teach us to bare and forbare. Praise be to His holy name who sends 'em!'

We give the two last stanzas of Miss Toulmin's "Maniac":—

"One eve I wandered to a rock which overhangs the sea, And stands unshaken by the storm,—the dearest spot to me;

The sea-birds fled (all had their nests), for near the tempest's birth

Each mad wave kiss'd a lowering cloud, and all was noisy mirth.

I strove to mingle in the flood, but demons held me down,

And then, with regal pomp, they placed this heavy iron crown!

My throne an ebon cloud they made—I'd vassal subjects too;

The waves bowed in obeisance, and passed beneath my view;

And still uprose the hurricane, and heaved each snowy crest:

I thought the storm almost as wild as that within my breast!

And now it burns into my brain, and bows my spirit down:

Oh! Death will surely take away this heavy iron crown."

Of Mr. Milnes's poem our allotted space obliges us to make illiberal use.

"A fool."

### The Scottish Highlands:—

" Our spirits followed every cloud  
That o'er it, and within it, floated;  
Our joy in all the scene was loud,  
But one thing silently we noted:—  
That though the glorious summer hue  
That steep'd the heav'ns could scarce be brighter,  
The blue below was still more blue,  
The very light itself was lighter."

### A sweet train of thought:—

" There is a beechen tree,  
To whose thick crown, a boy, I climb,  
And made me there a birdlike home,

" To sing or ponder free.

There is a jasmine bower,  
Whence you did see me, trembling, bear  
One spray, to mingle with thine hair,  
And loved me from that hour.

Nature has odours none  
Like those to me: let some of each,  
Of jasmine flowers and leaves of beech,  
Adore our house alone.

Where'er about the world we roam,  
With heart on heart, and hand in hand,  
Each dwelling has the face of home,  
Each country is my native land.

With glad familiar looks, I greet  
Places and sights unseen before;  
And wandering brook, and winding street,  
I follow as if past of yore.

But if some chance or duty calls  
These from me, then how great the change!  
I hardly know my father's halls,  
My mother's very smile is strange.  
Dead words become the books I read  
With most delight while thou art near;  
I seem thy present love to need,  
My dearest friendships to endeavor."

For our finale we adopt Sir E. Bulwer's lines, entitled "The Wife to the Wooer":—

" Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure  
The love you press so blindly,  
For once your reasons I'll endure,  
And answer follies kindly:

" I'll grant them more fair and gay  
The like I never seen may be;

" But light itself, when he's away,

" Is never gay to me!

" Then go—then go; for, whether or no

" He's fair, he's so to me!

Its words your summer-love may wreath  
In florid smiles and gladness,  
His lips, more often, only breathe

" The smile that's ne'er to fade me.

" But, ah! so sweet a trust to truth,

" That confidence of care!

" More joy one grief of his to sooth,

" Than all your bliss to share,

" Then go—then go; for, whether or no

" He grieve, 'tis bliss to share!

You say that he can meet or leave  
Unmoved—content without me;

Nor reck's who shames neglect may weave—

" Too heedless ev'n to desire me.

" Ah! jealousies are poor respect!

" He knows my heart, my guide;

" And what you deem is to neglect,

" I feel is to confide!

" Then go—then go; for, whether or no,

" I'll think he does confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,

" And sometimes speak severely.

Your woes, you who could ne'er rebuke—

" Your whisper breathe austerely.

How know you of the coming cares

" His anxious eyes foresee?

Perhaps the shade his temper wears

" Is thought for mine and me!

Then go—then go; for, whether or no,

" His frown has smiles for me!

But Luke, you hint, to others gives

" The love that he denies me;

And hard, you say, in youth to live,

" Without one heart to prize me!

" Well, if the parent rose be shed,

" The buds are on the stem;

" My babes!—his love can ne'er be dead,

" Its soul has fled to them.

Then go—then go!—His rival? No:

" His rival lives in them!"

*Australiana: Thoughts on Convict Management, and other Subjects connected with the Australian Penal Colonies.* By Captain Maconochie, R.N. K.H. 8vo. pp. 222. London, 1839. Parker. *Supplement to Thoughts on Convict Management.* Idem. Hobart Town. Pp. 15.

CAPTAIN MACONOCHEE's position and intelligence render him an important authority

upon the great questions involved in this discussion; and it behoves all who are interested in them to afford this volume the attention its matter and observations so eminently claim. The almost single argument of the writer is "to urge the superiority of moral influence to physical coercion, where intelligent beings are to be controlled or guided; or, in other words, to recommend that it be sought to restrain men rather by making virtue easy and good conduct pleasant, than merely by making vice difficult and misconduct painful. To the error of reversing this process altogether,—making virtue almost impossible, vice easy, temptation irresistible, concealment consequently the chief object on one side, and mere detection and punishment on the other, I attribute almost exclusively the painful results of the existing system of convict management."

And the writer adds, "When a man breaks his leg, however rashly or carelessly, we have him into a hospital, and cure him as speedily as possible, without ever thinking of modifying his treatment so as to make his case a warning to others. We here think of the individual, not of society. But when a poor fellow-creature becomes morally dislocated, however impious the circumstances to which he may have fallen a victim, we abandon all thought of his welfare, and seek only to make 'an example' of him. 'We think of society, not of the individual.' I am persuaded that the more closely and critically we examine this principle, and whether abstractly, analogically, or, above all, Christianly and politically, the more doubtful will it appear; yet it lies at the root of nearly all our penal institutions, and the reasoning on which they are founded. Moderate, certain, duly proportioned, and judicious punishment—enough, if accompanied by moral and religious instruction, to produce penitence, but not resistance—and especially if followed by circumstances moderately favourable to further improvement, not extravagantly opposed to them,—such a punishment must confer the greatest benefit on any criminal; and society will also derive benefit from it, in a small degree from the example which it will set of preliminary suffering consequent on crime, in a much greater degree from the example of its successful application, and directly also by the exchange of a bad citizen for a good one. And these are legitimate social benefits, because based on a benefit, not an injury, conferred on an individual member of the society obtaining them."

In these two short quotations we have exhibited the gist of Captain Macdonochie's views; but, with our limited knowledge, we cannot take upon ourselves to decide upon their expediency and practicability. Of the first, however, we have little doubt; of the last, our information does not enable us to determine. One of the chief elements towards a right decision is adduced in the following:—

*"On Degradation, as an element in Punishment."*—There appears to me to be an essential, almost obvious, yet much overlooked error, in annexing unnecessary degradation to punishment, which cannot be too strongly pointed out and deprecated. It is Vice that degrades; and though punishment, as pre-supposing past vice and present subjection, is, by the prejudices rather than the reason of mankind, considered degrading also, yet, being of the nature of an atonement, it ought not, abstractly, to wear this aspect (any more than the payment of a just debt, or other compensation for wrong inflicted); and in the case of our children, and others in whom we are really interested, it does

not wear it, the natural impulse and principle of kind and judicious parents being not to aggravate the infliction of punishment by disdain, but, on the contrary, to prove, by concurring care and kindness, that it is awarded on principle, and not in passion. There is thus nothing in the theory of rightly understood punishment (viz. benevolent chastisement, to deter others, as well as the criminal himself, from a repetition of offence) which justifies the annexation of unnecessary degradation to it; and in its practice there is this unanswerable objection to such annexation, that it chiefly affects the best men, and has a direct tendency to reduce them to the level of the worst. It thus wants every quality which a good punishment ought to have, and seems to have every one which it ought not to have. It is unjust, unequal, oppressive in the inverse ratio of merit, generally deteriorating, and productive of bad feeling both in the inflictor and sufferer. It creates and nourishes pride, self-righteousness, and supplies a field and occasion for the indulgence of arrogant and vindictive passions in the former: and, when felt at all, it bitterly wounds the latter, and gives every human sentiment within him a morbid and vindictive action. It is thus as opposed as possible to all that, in reverence, we can conceive of the moral government of the universe by its Great Creator; makes all parties worse; and, sowing the wind, we have only to look at the social condition of the penal colonies, in which it at present abounds, to see that it reaps the whirlwind."

Captain M. represents the punishments in the penal colonies to be very unequal, and the most severe falling upon the good instead of the bad; and he denounces domestic slavery as a certain means of demoralising both master and slave. He also points out the disadvantages arising from the numerous importation of free emigrant labourers, and mixing them up with thieves. The remedies suggested by Captain Macdonochie are well sustained by his reasoning; but beyond that we can only conjecture the consequences. The difference of the sexes seems to offer some doubts of their applicability to both; but, again professing our incompetency to pronounce upon it, we can only earnestly repeat our recommendation of this volume to the consideration it so justly merits.

*Palmaro; or, the Merchant of Genoa.* By the Author of "Tales of an Arctic Voyager," &c. &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1839. Boone.

THIS is a production almost *sui generis*. A tale intended to illustrate the state of society in the twelfth century, when, after darker ages, a portion of the light of civilisation began to illuminate different quarters of the earth, and nowhere so much as Italy. The author supports his narrative by notes of much interest and value as miscellaneous reading; and if he does not thereby entirely make out his assertion that his facts are reconcilable with history, he certainly goes far to shew that they might consist with the romances and ideas accredited at the time.

Thus his merchant, Palmaro, upon whom, in early life, Fortune pours her whole cornucopia, and then leaves him to be blasted by every shape of calamity, may be restored to greater affluence than ever by a ship-load of gold and diamonds brought from America; for such were the dreams of the age: but the actual truth would not admit of such a possibility. But, after all, the object of the writer is attained if he creates an interest for his

hero, and we peruse his various adventures with an eagerness to learn how they terminate. In this we think he has fairly succeeded, and there are many parts of his relation written with force and feeling. His character of Pelasgo, an Italian Domine Samson of 700 years ago, is also well drawn; and as much may be said for that of the Lombard Baron of Tarentum, Ghisolfi, in whom is represented the turbulent, armed leaders of very lawless military bands. The general tone of the observations is also sensible and pertinent; and with the information conveyed throughout by the picture of Europe incidental to the story we would recommend *Palmaro*, both as an entertaining and instructive publication.

We will select a few specimens of its merits. Speaking of the rising wealth of *Palmaro* we are reminded:—

"The earliest bankers in Europe were the Jews of Lombardy, who, from mere money-changers seated on a bancu or bench in market-places, had become extensive lenders of and dealers in money, and had spread themselves into every town of consequence in the then civilised world; and from them, as is universally known, one of the streets in London long inhabited by bankers took its name. This trade in money was too lucrative to escape the Genoese; they soon adopted it, and their bank of Saint George became, in after-ages, so rich, that the monarchs of the continent often depended upon it more than upon their revenues for fitting out their expeditions."

The description of the heroine, the sister of Ghisolfi, offers another example:—

"The person of Rosamunda was noble, and perhaps shewed more of the Lombard descent of her family than all the actions of her brother; the pure blood of the north circulated in her cheeks, and her high polished brow, her brilliant complexion, her mild blue eye, and her long fair hair, all denoted her Scandinavian extraction. She possessed also, in a high degree, those lofty ideas of female modesty and decorum, which distinguished the daughters of the northern conquerors so advantageously from the women of the degraded Romans; the introduction of which into the world was, perhaps, more than an equivalent for the arts and knowledge that were lost by the triumph of the barbarians, and to which modern society owes all the elegance and polish that raises it above the sensuality of antiquity. This delicacy and refinement of mind shed a thousand nameless graces over every thought and every action of Rosamunda, and *Palmaro* had not been many minutes in her company, when he began to draw comparisons between her and the dames of Genoa, very little to the advantage of the latter; for, whatever may be the benefits of commerce, it certainly does not tend to refine the female mind from the impurities of human nature,—a circumstance that arises, probably, from seeing every thing measured by the standard of profit and loss. Now is this deficiency of delicacy recompensed by the extended knowledge of worldly matters, that is sometimes found in the females of commercial nations; modesty, elegance, and strict propriety of sentiment, being the only virtues that can render the sex lovely and attractive, and divide them from their coarser male companions. Though Rosamunda possessed all these qualifications in a high degree, she was not deficient in knowledge; she had even acquired more of that kind of information dearest to *Palmaro* than any other woman he had hitherto seen. But a few years had elapsed since Naples had ceased to form part of the

Eastern Empire; the language, therefore, and the learning of Greece, were familiar to many of the Neapolitanas, and in the nunnery where Rosamunda had been educated, Greek was spoken and Greek books were read. She had, in consequence, acquired both the language and the information of the politest nation of antiquity; but happily the purity of the nuns, and her absence from that iniquitous theatre Constantinople, had guaranteed her from the corruptions of the then modern Greek females—corruptions, of the existence of which she was totally ignorant: for as she only knew their character through the medium of books, she believed that it included all that the poets have imagined of feminine virtue and loveliness. This, however, did not form all the accomplishments of Rosamunda. From the vicinity of Naples to the seat of empire, it reflected strongly the light of the sciences which yet found an asylum in that capital; and innumerable little arts were consequently known and practised there of which the rest of Italy was ignorant, and in all these she was extremely skilful. Such was Rosamunda Ghisolfi."

On Palmario's being reduced to bankruptcy, the author says:—

"It is too much the custom of commercial countries to impute crime where there is only misfortune. Palmario was no sooner known to be a bankrupt than all those who had fawned upon him, and all who had attempted to imitate him, began to discover some gross error in his conduct, from which they thanked Heaven their own was totally exempt. One blessed the saints that he had never learned Greek; and that, although a Levant merchant, he had contented himself with the simple Lingua Franca. Another declared that, for his part, he was happy he had no love of literature, and that he thought the capacity of keeping his books and reading his missal learning enough for a trader; and a third observed satirically, as he thought, that none but a man of Palmario's powerful intellect could comprehend the pleasure of retaining about his house a stupid clerk, who could scarcely draw a bill or write an invoice without committing some gross and palpable mistake—for poor Pelago now came in for his share of blame. But 'as the ship so the boat,' added these sagacious observers; and, indeed, it seemed to the general opinion, now that the merchant was ruined, that he knew nothing of business. Others there were, who remarked that wine tasted as pleasant to their ignorant palates out of a horn or a cup of simple earth as from an antique drinking vessel decorated with bas-relief, and cooled as effectually at the bottom of a well as in an Egyptian sarcophagus; and that they were just as well pleased to see their walls hung with common cloth as decorated with pictures; their windows stopped with oiled paper as glazed with painted glass; and their shelves ornamented with a few shells, as adorned with statues and all the other trash of antiquity. The Greek and Oriental manuscripts, still in the house of Palmario, afforded matter of infinite jest to the malignant Genoese; but the grand subject on which all exalted their voices to his debasement, was his marriage with Rosamunda; and every one, however he might differ from the rest in his sentiments of the faults of Palmario, agreed to blame him here, and to laud himself that his bride had not been either the fairest or the most noble woman in Genoa. No, they all affirmed that the females of their own country, with their homely qualifications and large portions, were

good enough for them, and that they had not, or would not, sacrifice fortune to the vanity of possessing a woman whose only merit was that she understood Greek, that her hand was whiter than that of any other, or that she was the descendant of a barbarous Lombard with a hard name. Poor Rosamunda seemed to have attracted the whole fury of this storm of animadversion, and to her was laid every crime with which the ingenuity of malice could charge her husband. It was universally declared, that she had ruined him; and, as detraction is not over-correct in its assertions, the most contradictory causes were assigned for her conduct. Her retired habits were said to have originated either in pride of knowledge or in ignorance of good manners; her charity and liberality were said to be ostentation or want of knowledge of the value of money; in fact, all her actions were accounted for upon motives on which they had never been founded. At length, the accounts of Palmario were made out, all that was owing to him were called in, and his property sold by auction—a proceeding long common in Italy—to cover his deficiencies; and even at this sale an event occurred, which, though it ought to have pleased the Genoese, only served to embitter them against the unfortunate merchant. Nothing had excited more contempt and merriment among the creditors, than the antiquities and manuscripts in the possession of the bankrupt. At the sale several strangers appeared, who obstinately bade for them against each other, and great was the astonishment of the Genoese, when they discovered that the despised antiquities had brought a larger sum than several other things which they considered valuable; and their anger was highly excited when they learned that the purchasers were envoys from the richest merchants and nobles of the rival republics of Venice and Florence. They consoled themselves, however, by assuring each other, that the manuscripts must contain either magical or alchemical receipts; yet there were many who, forgetting that it had been in their power to retain them, declared that Palmario had been the means of reflecting disgrace upon his country, by having brought books into it to be treasured up by the Florentines and Venetians."

This is a good extract, and sufficient to test the quality of the work; but we will add and conclude with another, which is of a more touching nature. Palmario has been robbed, nearly murdered, plundered, and finally discharged, in a state of partial derangement, from a Calabrian hospital:—

"Palmario, the once grand and magnificent Palmario, issued from the great gate of the hospital in a condition as deplorable as could belong to a human being free from crime, and unconscious of any guilt that could deserve the miseries which pressed upon him. Those who had seen him in his better days would not have recognised the handsome features of Aluigi in the pale, withered, and cadaverous countenance of the hopeless pauper; nor would they have thought that his well-made and finely proportioned figure was now represented by a shrunken, stooping, emaciated, and decrepid being, who tottered along as if his limbs had been disjointed on the rack, and his body doubled on the wheel. There was now no fire in his eye, no manhood on his brow, no smile was ready to play upon his lips, no wit impatient to dart from his tongue. He crept slowly along the streets, supported

on a rude staff, the gift of one of the patients at his departure, and the rough blasts that blew aside the tatters of his garments, caused him to shrink beneath the walls for protection. But cold was not the only feeling that his forlorn situation occasioned. As he was passed by the young and giddy of either sex, they avoided him with contempt, and the more advanced in life looked severe and forbidding, as if they thought he intended to petition them for alms. Those who exposed various wares for sale on stalls followed his motions with their eyes, and shewed that they feared he would purloin their goods, and the beggars and Lazaroni abused him and called him an impostor. The children mocked at him, and pelted him with stones and dirt, and the very dogs smelt to him and ran off barking and howling, as from one infected. No one said a word of consolation; nor gave a look of pity, as he proceeded towards the gate of the town, which he reached just as it was about to be closed for the night, and he was ushered out by the porter, who told him that he was glad to see that such a scurvy, downcast, ill-looking scoundrel was not going to sleep again within the walls. Insult from such a wretch was almost enough to rouse the broken spirit of the merchant; he turned and frowned, as if he would instantly chastise him, but the remains of better feelings intervened, and he only repaid his abuse with a look of contempt. The world-wide, cold, and desolate, was now before Palmario. None of those fascinations which are universally connected with the idea of home drew him towards any particular spot. His mind revolted at the idea of returning to Genoa or Tarentum; for, though apparently dead to the past and the future, he yet had glimmerings of memory, and a sense of the forlorn contrast he now exhibited to his former splendid condition, which made his feelings recoil at the thought of exposing himself to the scorn of Ghisolfi, or the derision of the proud merchants who had risen upon his ruin. Besides, impressed with the belief that Rosamunda and his offspring were for ever lost, he cared for no one, and, with some of that perversity which attends a wandering intellect, he felt as if all the world were at enmity with him. He forgot his few faithful friends, and only recollect that he had been injured; and he hurried away from the haunts of man, like a wild animal whose instinct teaches it that it can never be safe but in a wilderness."

*The Keepsake for 1840. Edited by Lady E. Stuart Wortley. London, Longman and Co. Paris, Fisher and Co.*

UPON a similar plan with the "Book of Beauty," and filled by many of the same contributors, we would make this our weekly sheet a sort of *Annual* repository were we to go at equal length into its various contents. We will therefore only mention that there are a set of prose narratives of the usual class: "Veronica of Castille," by Lady Blessington; "Count Rudiger" (German), by J. W. Donaldson; "Somnambulist," by Sir J. Dean Paul; "Windsor Dell," by Miss Louisa Sheridan; "Alice Mansfield," by Lord W. Lennox; "Lady Viola," by Miss Camilla Toulin; "A Father's Malediction," (from an Italian MS., and apparently "an oware true tale,") by the Hon. Miss P.; "The Invalid," by Mrs. Norton; "Beatrice," by the Marchioness of \* \* \*; and "Eva, or the Slave Girl," a natural tale of Jamaica, by the Hon. C. B. Phipps.

These are generally longer than in the "Book of Beauty," and quite forbid any thing like illustration by extract. Lady Londonderry offers "Descriptions of Russian Palaces;" there is a graphic sketch of three days' Chamois hunting, by Lord Maidstone, and an "Adventure in Spain," with similar truth in its particulars, but without any striking point of interest.

There are also a number of brief poetical pieces by Lady Emmeline herself, Lord Gardner, Lord John Manners, Miss L. B. Smith, Mr. G. F. Berkeley, Mr. Milnes, Mrs. Fairlie, Mrs. Blackwood, Prince Rodolph Liechtenstein (lines in German), Mrs. Abby, Lady Charlotte St. Maur, and Miss A. Farter; of which it is altogether enough to say that they indicate refined and refining pursuits, good taste, and good feelings.

But the first and two last papers in the volume are the most novel and ornamental. It opens with some "Original Letters of Lady Rachael Russell," from the rich muniment-room of Belvoir Castle (to which our own columns have been indebted for curious and valuable papers), and concludes with a "Character of the Earl of Scarborough, by his friend the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield," from a MS. in the same collection. "An Account of a Visit to Khosrew Pacha, at his palace on the Bosphorus, and a banquet given by him to Lady E. Wortley at Constantinople, last year," is the third paper to which we have alluded; and from two of these three, with one exception, we shall confine our illustrations.

Lady R. Russell's letters are on homely subjects, with a dash or two of news. Thus to her daughter Lady Roos, at Haddon Hall, in 1700, she writes:—

"I'me glad you have got ye picture for tho' I believe it may not be valuable from ye goodness of ye work, yet I doubt not but you prize it, as being y<sup>e</sup> Grandmother, I spouse you want no more tea, but if you do I can supply, for I bought one pound of the City tea, ye<sup>e</sup> bitter sorte, and being one day at Lady Sunderlands we drank tea was good I thought and saying soe she commended it highly, and then I asked her where she had, she said of Mr. Segworth t<sup>e</sup>was the best Keper in towne and she believed she could help me to a pound, but I took no notice of her saying soe, but however the day after her Lad<sup>e</sup> was gone, her servant brought me a pound, I asked what it cost he said 30 shil: so I found t<sup>e</sup> was not a present, I keep it close and t<sup>e</sup>other also, and if want not perhaps they shal be unopened, or at least halfe pound pots, when you come up."

A dreadful storm is thus described:—

"I have bin under great anxiety til ye<sup>e</sup> post came yesterday, for tho' Belvoir is so strong a building and I feared accidents ther<sup>e</sup> as little as any where, yet so many dismal ons have fallen upon so many y<sup>e</sup> wod justifie a mighty apprehension. I bless God we are al wel, but the chimney where my son and his wife lay fel, and ye<sup>e</sup> bricks and soot coming downe ye<sup>e</sup> chimney made them rise at six a clock and come in my drawingroome; ye<sup>e</sup> wal of ye<sup>e</sup> garden fel next y<sup>e</sup> field, and al ye<sup>e</sup> trees bent one side to ye<sup>e</sup> very ground. But at Stratton my losse is worse in al respects, by farms tore to pieces, corne and hay dispersed seem hanging on ye<sup>e</sup> trees, and amongs ye<sup>e</sup> trees near the house the fir grove, as richard writes, intirely broke and tore up by ye<sup>e</sup> roots; I send Spenser tomorrow to see if tis in nature possible to get up but a row round ye<sup>e</sup> ground. Hampshire is al desolation. devon-house scapet better than any house I heare of. Many kiled in country as wel as in

towne. Lady penelope wicklesse kiled in her bed at ther country house, and he in ye<sup>e</sup> sam bed saved, a peice of timber falling betweene his legs, and kept of ye<sup>e</sup> bricks, but 'tis innumerable ye<sup>e</sup> mischiefs and ye<sup>e</sup> preservations; sea matters yet too unsertaine, so certains beaumont lost, and wonderfully lamented, and 5 ships upon ye<sup>e</sup> sands, no newes yet ye<sup>e</sup> to be relied on of Sir Shovel; I'me sorry y<sup>e</sup> lord lost his match, but realy the present calamity takes up al my thoughts. 'Tis time to dine, so must end ye<sup>e</sup> from y<sup>e</sup> affect. mother, R. RUSSELL."

"Tuesday 30 Nov."

The whole visit to Khosrew Pacha is too long for our purposes, but well worthy of perusal, as one of the best and most genuine accounts we have seen of Turkish high life; we can only, however, copy a few passages:—

"We found Khosrew Pacha awaiting us in the corridor. He received us with the greatest kindness and distinction, and led us to a beautiful apartment, overlooking the Bosphorus. The seraskier's costume and figure were singular and striking; the former was certainly a strange contrast to the ancient, beautiful, and magnificent dress of the Turks; it was not, however, by any means Europeanized—at least, in our eyes it assuredly appeared not to be so: it consisted of a dark blue blouse, very similar in form to the frocks worn by carters in England, and fullish trousers, with slippers, the everlasting fez of course upon his head. Khosrew Pacha's figure is certainly neither symmetrical nor imposing in itself: he is of very short stature, and is considerably bent with age, yet altogether there is something exceedingly venerable and impressive in his aspect. However chary Nature may be of her outward marks of favour, how true it is that where the stamp of glorious, God-like intellect is discerned, we at once own the influence of its mystic presence, the spell-like sway of its sublimity, and confess the human form divine!—Yes, even though the exterior be deficient in every other attribute of grace, in every other character of beauty or grandeur. \* \* \* \* \* I was invited by

Khosrew Pacha to pay a visit to his harem, where he informed me I should find the wife of the Prussian nobleman I have already alluded to, whom I had a previous acquaintance with, and also a Greek lady, who had been asked to join us in the capacity of interpreter. I joyfully acceded to this proposal, and the pacha immediately rose from his seat, and insisted on conducting me himself to the apartments of the ladies. I accordingly followed his highness (by which title I found he was invariably addressed by Namik Pacha and the rest) through magnificent suites of rooms, to the harem, which is generally—indeed, I believe universally—at a considerable distance from the other apartments, often separated from the rest of the mansion by an ample court. The seraskier, as he led the way through the various beautiful corridors and chambers, constantly addressed conversation to me, which he essayed to render intelligible by different signs and animated gesticulations; but, alas! I comprehended but very little, here and there a word only; however, as it appeared to me, he was chiefly attempting to explain to me the various uses and destinations of the several rooms, I answered in the best manner I was able, and we proceeded together on the most amicable terms, till I was at length consigned to the care of an exceedingly frightful-looking black slave, who wonderfully heightened his natural hideousness by a gorgon-like grin, which slowly spread over his dusk and dismal

features, like the troubled smoke of a steam-engine over the sooty monster beneath. In a few minutes I found myself at the doors of the mysterious harem, under the guidance of my singularly unprepossessing escort. As soon as the doors were opened, I was met by the seraskier's wife, who advanced with much grace and dignity to greet me, accompanied by the Greek lady I mentioned before: the seraskier's wife welcomed me in the kindest and most courteous manner imaginable. She was no longer young, but possessed the remains of very great and resplendent beauty; her features were exquisitely modelled; her complexion and skin still very fine; her eyes of Eastern darkness, depth, and softness, and her hair silky and glossy, and of a beautiful auburn hue. Her picturesque and superb costume it would be difficult to describe, and to the uninitiated in the complicated details of a Turkish lady's toilette, such description would only present a series of confused names, and afford no correct or distinct idea. I will, therefore, avoid dilating upon all the multifarious mysteries of robes, anterries, girdles, turbans, &c., and merely state that the *tout ensemble* was the perfection of magnificence and splendour, and would put all the professors of mortal millinery in modern Europe to the blush. My courteous hostess conducted me to the top of the room, and placed me by her side on a luxuriously cushioned thronelike seat, reaching along the whole length of the windows, which entirely occupied the upper end of that princely apartment, spreading from side to side, ascending from the floor to the ceiling. The Prussian baroness was seated on a chair placed on the side, and the Greek lady and her two daughters nearly opposite. As soon as I had leisure to look around me, I was struck by the brilliant appearance presented by a large semicircle of sumptuously attired slaves, who stood before us in graceful attitudes, motionless as a group of beautiful statues; no train of duchesses, and high-born damsels at court, ever displayed such wealth of matchless jewellery, I verily believe, certainly never such splendid variety of apparel; they all wore long flowing trains of most resplendent colours, and exquisite materials, loading the floor with a weight of richness. Their loose, sweeping, immense outer sleeves, hung down to their feet, finely fringed, bordered, and flowered, or starred all over with sparkling gold and silver, or wrought silk of vivid and various dyes: but have I not vowed to be verbose on the subjects of dresses and draperies, silks and satins, gold and gear? Still I must be allowed for one moment to break through the rigid rules I had shackled myself with, and to luxuriate for a few, a very few minutes, in the description of the turbans which glittered before my astonished eyes upon this occasion. The turbans!—Oh! how miserably poor, how wretchedly *jejune*, trivial, and abject are our ideas upon this fertile and fascinating subject, —the things, the petty, paltry, prosaic, flat, stale, unimaginative things we are accustomed to call by that much-abused name, are no more to be compared with the true, real, yet ideal-looking creations of Eastern fancy and taste, than the lame imitations of a London pastry-cook with the most delicate and faultless specimens of Greek or Roman architectural genius, displayed in their temples, arches, &c. How different were these aerial structures, woven by fairies and worn by houris, from the ponderous, yet diminutive and lowly concerns, raised above the somewhat damaged foreheads of portly dowagers, or the twirled and twisted shawls, crapes, muslins, and taffetas of

most petty proportions, wreathed about the brows of Christian beauties in more civilised countries. Methought, while I gazed on the inimitable costume of these lovely Orientals, that their milliners and mantua-makers must be the butterflies; their hand-maids and coiffeurs, the winged zephyrs,—so lightly did their fantastical head-dresses rest upon their polished brows, almost seeming to flutter around them, to tremble to every breath, to waver with every slight movement; they were composed of transparent gossamer-like stuffs; light as the mist of the morning—the foam of the fountain—dazzling and rainbowed with a hundred hues, of enormous size, yet so delicate, so fairy-like, that they rather seemed to float around the head, like sunny-tinted and fleecy clouds, than to be fixed upon it. No two turbans I saw in the room were alike, but all were adorned with bouquets, stars, clusters, &c. of beaming jewels, and interwoven with glossy tresses of hair, sometimes towering above the turban itself, in purposely dishevelled masses (which, however ill it may sound, produced a very striking and agreeable effect); and at other times braided among the folds and confined with knots of gems, and afterwards descending in burnished lengths of undulating beauty; in short, just as the fancy of the wearer might dictate. \* \* \* I cannot express the kindness and attention which the lady of the mansion treated me with. Several divisions of the enormous windows had been thrown open, and she had given prompt orders to have them shut, being apprehensive that the air might be too much for me. It was not without many assurances on my part, of how much I enjoyed the refreshing breeze from the waters, instead of being desirous to exclude it, that she consented to have it again admitted into the apartment. She was constantly employed in arranging the embroidered cushions for me, and placing them in what she conceived to be the most comfortable positions, and seemed continually watching every look and movement of her guest, in her anxiety to please, and to shew her warm-hearted, kindly hospitality. She was much amused in examining my bracelets and other trinkets, among these was a heart containing some of my husband's hair. She inquired particularly concerning this; and when informed what it was, exclaimed, in an accent of astonishment, 'How much you English ladies, then, must love your husbands, to carry a little piece of their hair about with you! We Turkish wives would never think of doing such a thing!' I happened to wear that day a locket in the shape of an eagle, in which was enclosed some of Napoleon's hair; this excited her curiosity greatly, and she asked me whose hair that was. When I told her, she immediately said, 'Who is Napoleon? Is he a relation of yours?' The Prussian baroness burst out into exclamations of surprise at her ignorance (in French) to me, remarking that it was the more extraordinary, as her lord had commanded the Ottoman army against the forces of that distinguished personage. I was told, subsequently, however, that had I said Buonaparte, she would have known immediately who I meant, but that, in general, he is not known here by the name of Napoleon. I expressed a wish to see the dressing and sleeping apartments, and on this being repeated to her she smiled and said, 'We sleep in any of the rooms just as we happen to fancy at the moment. We lie down upon these couches in the same dresses we wear in the day-time.' The toilette of the Turkish ladies is always, I believe, made at the

bath; however, I could not help thinking, as I looked at the magnificent array of this stately princess, of her adopted daughter, and her attendants, with its wonderful profusion of ornament and decoration, how uncomfortable it must make their repose, at least, according to our notions of comfort."

The dinner was most lengthened and splendid—exquisite cookery, London bottled porter, and champagne included; but our fair writer returned to the harem, where the "Mistress" in sport almost tickled her to death, and she was glad to rejoin her husband, and take leave of the potent Khosrew.

"The conversation ended by Khosrew Pacha energetically observing to my husband, how ardently and anxiously he hoped that the relations between Great Britain and her ancient ally, Turkey, might daily be strengthened and improved; saying that this was the most constant wish of his heart, the fondest and most fervent of his prayers. He expatiated much on this subject, and seemed never weary of repeating how deeply he desired that these nations should be united by all the bonds of friendship and alliance. The venerable pacha then, apparently overcome by his emotions, folded my husband in a really paternal embrace, and bade us adieu with much feeling."

The exception we made is the following poetical one by Mrs. Blackwood:—

"*The Lament of the Irish Emigrant.*

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,  
Where we sat side by side,  
On a bright May mornin' long ago,  
When first you were my bride:  
The corn was sprin'g' fresh and green,  
And the lark sang loud and high,  
And the red was on your lip, Mary,  
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,  
The day is bright as then,  
The lark's loud song is in my ear,  
And the corn is green again;  
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,  
And your breath, warm on my cheek,  
And I still keep list'nin' for the words  
You never more may speak.

"Tis but a step down yonder lane,  
And the little church stands near,—  
The church where we were wed, Mary,  
I see the spire from here;  
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,  
And my step might break your rest;  
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep  
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,  
For the poor make no new friends;  
But, oh! they love the better still,  
The few our Father sends!  
And we were all I had, Mary,  
My bressin' and my pride;  
There's nothin' left to care for now,  
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good heart, Mary,  
That still kept hoping on,  
When the trust in God had left my soul,  
And my arms' young strength was gone.  
There was comfort ever on your lip,  
And the kind look on your brow;  
I bless you, Mary, for that same,  
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,  
When your heart was fit to break,  
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,  
And you hid it, for my sake!  
I bless you for the pleasant word,  
When your heart was sad and sore;  
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,  
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,  
My Mary—kind tree!  
But I'll not forget you, darling!  
In the land I'm goin' to—  
They say there's bread and work for all,  
And the sun shines always there;  
But I'll not forget old Ireland,  
Wore it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods  
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,  
And my heart will travel back again  
To the place where Mary lies;

And I'll think I see the little stile  
Where we sat side by side,  
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,  
When first you were my bride!"

We have now only to speak of the engravings, twelve in number, and such as Mr. Heath is in the yearly habit of producing. We cannot very well make out the connexion of one or two of them with the text; and the fate of Ribiero is certainly a graphic curiosity, though by E. Corbould. The gentleman and his horse have tumbled over a precipice, the rider undermost, but keeping his seat in an uncommon style, whilst his sword has fallen, by its weight, considerably lower. We fear the laws of gravitation are sadly outraged by this group; which, but for its want of philosophy, is spirited and equal to any of the rest.

*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our Earlier Poets; together with some few of later date, and a Copious Glossary.* By Thomas Percy, D.D. Bishop of Dromore. Large 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1839. Templeman; Russell Smith; and Miller.

A NEW and cheap edition of "Percy's Reliques" is a publication which we hail with satisfaction. We are the friends of useful knowledge, but we never can assent to the principle which would confine the instructive to dry information. On the contrary, we are of opinion, that the cultivation of the imagination is a great aid to the study of utility; even were we to deny to it its own inherent and noble qualities of exciting generous sentiments, improving the best feelings of our nature, and exalting humanity above the grovelling earthly portion of its composition nearer to the heavens to which it is akin. The heroism and pathos of these ancient compositions must ever produce very beneficial effects; and as pictures of life and manners, they possess striking attractions. But, as we have observed, the sentiments they are calculated to inspire may well go hand in hand with the most strict utilitarian system. The Epic of a Steam-engine, or the Pastoral of a Water-wheel, belong to poetry as well as to mechanics; and the labours of the workman are never more agreeably eased than by the burthen of a song. Thus the fire of the Muse may well relieve the scorching of the furnace, and the measure of verse the calculations of the craftsman and the contrivances of the artisan. Upon such grounds, we rejoice to see a new and cheap edition of these delightful ballads.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Child's Book of Zoology; or, Gleanings from Natural History.* By J. H. Fennell. Pp. 230. London, 1839. Thomas; Tegg.

THIS little piece of natural history is altogether in keeping, being printed in *Crane Court*, published in *Finch Lane*, and written by Fennell: with such advantages, indicating an intimate acquaintance with the subject; and we can assure our young friends that this is a capital book for them, teaching them much, interesting them much, and entertaining them much. The accounts of the animals are very pleasing, and the anecdotes respecting them very amusing and curious.

*A Practical Treatise on the Human Teeth, &c.* By William Robertson. 8vo. pp. 205. London, 1839. Hayward and Moore.

A SECOND edition of a work of this kind speaks well for its merits, and, in the present instance, seems well deserved. The author points out the danger of not attending to the beginning of caries at an earlier period of life than is

usually expected. His general views of the disease, and his advice to unprofessional persons, are valuable and practical, so that we can safely recommend his volume to all.

*Planter Utiliores. Illustrations of Useful Plants, employed in the Arts, Medicine, &c.* By Miss M. A. Burnett, Sister of the late Gilbert Thomas Burnett, Professor of Botany at King's College, London. No. I. London, 1839. 4to. pp. 6. Two Coloured Plates.

To those of our readers who knew that good botanist and good man, the late Professor Burnett, it would of itself be a recommendation of the work before us, that it is by his sister. It does not, however, require to be seen by this transmitted light; for it will gratify the most critical taste, and adds great cheapness to remarkable beauty. The present number contains the tobacco plant and the blue passion-flower, both admirably drawn and coloured with taste. The extracts from Professor Burnett's "Botany" and Hervey's "Meditations," are well chosen, and will amuse many who care but little for flowers; the fierce energy of King James's "Counterblaste," and the soft elegance of Hervey, form a curious contrast. The royal pamphleteer cries out that smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, and harmful to the brain, and, in fact, places it pretty nearly on a level with the worship of devils; while the tender moraliser on flowers adopts the comparison of an imaginative Jesuit, and finding the circumstances of the crucifixion figured in the passion-flower, considers it as "a blooming religioso."

It appears from the prospectus, that ornamental as well as useful flowers are to be introduced—as is the case, indeed, in the number before us; and thus the next two are to contain the deadly nightshade, the Chinese primrose, the Seville orange, and the ginger plant. We trust that the success of Miss Burnett's work may be equal to its merits.

*A New Home: Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life.* By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an actual Settler. Fp. 317. 1839. New York, G.S. Francis; Boston, J. H. Francis; London, Wiley and Putnam.

This is a real view of the settlers in the far west, and, we imagine, gives a more minute and faithful account of their daily life than any book of travels that has been published. Some of the details are familiar enough, but the genuineness of the whole makes it worth a picture of new society under new circumstances.

*The Colony of Western Australia, &c. &c.* By N. Ogle, F.G.S. 8vo. pp. 354. London, 1839. Fraser.

A COMPREHENSIVE account of the colony, and containing every information the emigrant would seek. There are some neat cuts of landscapes, maps, &c. The author takes a favourable view of the country and its prospects.

*Rory O'More. Standard Novels.* Vol. LXXXVI. London, 1839. Bentley.

Now isn't it a treat to get *Rory O'More*, the celebrated in Irish story, in song, in music, and on the stage, compitate in a single volume? Complete did we say! nay more than complete; for the same hand which invented and traced the tale in so popular a manner, has also adorned it with all an artist's feeling and talents. "Rory's Return Home," painted by Lover, and engraved by Greatbach, is a most characteristic frontispiece; and the "Farewell to the Land of the West" by the same, a vignette

of touching interest and beauty. Far and wide as *Rory* has travelled before, he will now greatly extend his limits.

*The Encyclopedia of Rural Sports*, by D. P. Blaine, Part II. (London, Longman and Co.)—Carries on the spirit of the first number, and is replete with very various information in natural history, athletic exercises, field sports, and other subjects embraced in Mr. Blaine's comprehensive design.

*Observations on the Disorder of the General Health of Females*, by S. Fox, Surgeon, 8vo. pp. 132. (London, Highley).—Mr. S. Fox maintains a curious theory on this subject; but the volume is only for medical review.

*Christian Services*, by the Rev. Plumpton Wilson, LL.B. Rector of Newmarket. (London, Murray).—Dedicated to the queen, handsomely printed, and almost royally bound, the interior of this Christian work tracing the Christian religion to its source, not undeserving of the former passage in the latter description.

*Spirits of the Metropolitan Conservation Press*, 2 vols. (London, Walter and Co.).—The talents and ability displayed by the newspaper press, raising its leading organs high in the scale of intellect and literature, are not undeserving of a more permanent record. It is surprising day after day, to read such articles as the metropolitan press supplies on the very spur of the moment, independently of those graver investigations of important questions which from time to time enrich their columns. Of the present collection of Conservation during 1839, we will only say that the party need not be ashamed of the pens by which it is supported.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES. COMPRESSED PEAT FUEL.

So long ago as 1836, we called the public attention to the experiments carrying on by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, for the compression of Peat into a fuel, which should answer all the purposes of coal, in agriculture and manufactures, and become an article of immeasurable importance in vast sterile tracts of country, where the latter prolific source of industry and wealth could not be obtained. In 1837 we noticed the progressive success which had attended these operations; and in the present year reviewed a statement published by the noble lord, in which he detailed the course of his trials, alterations, and improvements, till he had reached the reward of his patriotic labours, by perfecting a machine and process of compression, fully adequate to the object he had so indefatigably and ingeniously pursued. This was a great triumph to his lordship, and one also (as we have previously shewn) of much national importance. But another result has ensued; for which, we confess, we were not prepared, and which still further demonstrates the value of this discovery. The partners of the house of Savigny and Co. in St. James's Street (so universally known and respected as one of the foremost in the Cutlery trade), have, it seems, been following up Lord Willoughby's experiments by the practical manufacture of the various articles which they produce—such articles as make English cutlery the admiration of the world, and spread them, from the finest lancet to the most ordinary knife or scissors, throughout every quarter of the habitable earth,—and what the consequence has been is so clearly and conclusively stated in the following announcement which they have issued, that we do not hesitate a moment in transferring it to our columns:—

"Improved Cutlery, Manufactured from Compressed Peat."—Messrs. Philp and Whicker (late Savigny and Co.), of 67 St. James's Street, having continued their experiments in the manufacture of cutlery, with the use of peat compressed by the machine invented by Lord Willoughby de Eresby, instead of coal, deem themselves called upon to announce the perfect success which has attended them. It is hardly necessary to say of a house so long and extensively established, and enjoying so high a public reputation, that it would not resort to such a step from selfish considerations alone, but rather for the sake of communicating the knowledge of a very valuable improvement in a class of articles in daily and universal request, and on the excellence of which so much of the comfort and well-being of society depends. Not to mention surgical instruments, instruments of science, and the more common necessities of life, it will be sufficient to apply the test to the important and indispensable production of razors, since superiority with them in-

volves superiority in every other description of cutlery. Messrs. Philp and Whicker have no hesitation in stating that such is the marked result of their experience. They have found the steel wrought from peat free from sulphur, which cannot be separated from coal, and, consequently, harder; whatever other dress or tempering there may be worked out in the process of forging the metal, when being tempered, is capable of taking a finer and more permanent edge; and the trial of razors, for many months, has proved the advantage of this mode of manufacturing them over every other. Analysed by Professor Johnston, of Durham, this fuel, after drying at 300° gave, carbon, 59.663; hydrogen, 5.757; oxygen, 32.270; and ashes, only 2.310. And as the latter contained iron pyrites and other substances, it may be concluded that the presence of sulphur, if at all present, must be inconceivably small. To this fact Messrs. P. and W. ascribe the admirable properties of all the steel articles, and especially razors, manipulated with the compressed peat; and they therefore venture, respectively, to recommend them to the attention of the public."

This testimony shews how well-grounded were the anticipations on this subject which it was our good fortune first to communicate to the public, and which have also been fulfilled in other respects in foreign countries (Germany and the North of Europe); and will, we trust, stimulate further and active employment of such means of improvement and prosperity. The analysis of Professor Johnston, one among the ablest chemists of the age, goes far beyond that which was alone necessary for Messrs. P. and W. to adduce in support of their single purpose. We have read it with great satisfaction. By a careful comparison of the peat fuel with various coals; by ascertaining the properties of bulk, consumption, heat, &c. &c.; and indeed by every test to which a gentleman of his skill could subject the material, he has justified our conclusion, that for supplying motive power—for smelting, burning lime, steam-engines—for every sort of manufacture, from the most immense masses acted upon by the cunning of man to the most minute atoms which enter into his finest works—the use of this Compressed Peat is in almost all cases equal, and in many superior, to coal. Belonging to the latter is Messrs. Philp and Whicker's application of it to the execution of the most delicate cutlery; and we enjoy a sincere pleasure in disseminating the knowledge of it throughout the community at large. Dr. Buckland has expressed his apprehensions of the day (500 or 1000 years hence) when our coal-fields should be exhausted: let the learned geologist take comfort, our peat-bogs will remain and are inexhaustable!

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE first of these well-attended meetings for the present session took place on Tuesday evening, Mr. Forster, V.P., in the chair.—Two papers were read; the first was descriptions of some remarkable and new insects—most gigantic—collected in Assam, by Mr. Griffith, assistant-surgeon on the Madras medical staff, and attached to the late scientific mission to Assam. The author of the paper is the Rev. F. W. Hope. The specimens from which these descriptions were taken are contained in a cabinet of insects, in the possession of Mr. R. H. Solly; the chief part of them belong to the Longicorn beetles, and to the group of *Lamia* of Leach. They constitute the types of three new genera, designated by the author *Euplia*, *Ophiorpha*, and *Anoplophora*. They are remarkable for their exquisite beauty of colouring, and the great length of their horns. The second paper was "On *Cuscuta epilinum* and *Halophytia*," by Mr. C. C. Babington. The first of these species has been recently added to the British Flora, having been gathered growing on flax near Trelydon Hall, Montgomeryshire, in August last, by Mr. Bowman. There were exhibited at the meeting a number of flower-

ing specimens of new plants from the Birmingham Botanic Garden; likewise, the young of the Fulmar, shot lately in Somersetshire; and a specimen of a rook with an elongated upper mandible. We ought also to mention specimens of a remarkable variety of *Typha angustifolia*, collected by the Rev. Prebendary Wood, in the extensive marshes situated between Deal and Sandwich. A vast number of valuable presents were placed on the table, amongst them were worthy of particular notice the continuation of Rüppell's "Fauna of Abyssinia,"—most beautiful; and Sir W. Jardine's "British Salmonidae," by Lizards, equally so. Amongst the books presented was a copy of Smith's "Flora Britannica," curiously illustrated by drawings of the plants on the margin by the late Rev. Richard Dreyer, who, it appears, employed his moments of leisure in this elegant and amiable pursuit. The Convolvulus, and many others of our own dear old English flowers, are exquisitely delineated. This curious work was presented by the widow of the deceased clergyman.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

CAPTAIN BOWLES, R.N. in the chair.—At the monthly meeting, held on Thursday afternoon, eleven new fellows were elected. Balance carried to November 1st, 446. 18s. 6d. Many valuable donations to the library, menagerie, and museum, were laid on the table; amongst the more curious of the latter was the larva of an insect of the section *Lamellicornes*. in the body of which a kind of plant had taken root. Upwards of 9000 persons visited the gardens and museum during last month. The Council acknowledged a vote of thanks passed at the last general meeting, on the occasion of the favourable result of their negotiations with the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for a reduction of the rent payable on the Gardens; and also for the advantageous terms upon which the farm at Kingston had been sold. A scarcity of water having occurred in the early part of the last autumn, it was judged expedient to sink further into the chalk, for the purpose of at once securing a permanent supply. This was accordingly done, and a copious spring of excellent water has been found at the depth of fifty-two feet below the original well. Sundry works are in progress, and the collection in the Gardens at the Regent's Park is healthy.

#### ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, Nov. 5th.—Read, the second part of Mr. Griffin's paper, 'On the question, Why do Electrised Bodies recede from each other?' Also a paper by Mr. Gassiot, entitled, 'An Account of Experiments with an Extended Series of Zamboni's Piles.' The series employed by Mr. Gassiot consisted of 10,000, or 10 piles of 1000 each, connected together by copper wires. With this arrangement distinct sparks can be taken from either end, and a Leyden jar can be charged positively or negatively. When the connecting wires from each extremity were fastened to the inner and outer coatings of a Harris's unit-jar, the gas was charged and discharged at regular intervals, depending on the distance of the connexions of this instrument. A Leyden battery of nine one-gallon jars was charged to a considerable intensity, but not the slightest effect could be obtained on a delicate galvanometer, nor on a solution of iodine of potassium when introduced in the current. When a Harris's thermo-electrometer formed part of the complete cir-

cuit, no action could be obtained on the liquid in this instrument; but when one of the connecting-wires was placed in one cup, and the end of the other wire brought within the striking distance, so as to produce a continued series of minute sparks, the liquid rose ultimately 4°. The sparks were passed, for some minutes, through a solution of iodine of potassium, with the view of obtaining chemical effect, but without success. Wet thread was attached to the ends of the pile, and the connexion made with platina wires; but no chemical effect could be produced with this apparatus. Whenever contact is made, or the circuit completed with a powerful voltaic battery, and the connexions are gradually separated, a beautiful and continued stream of the most dazzling flame is invariably produced—the length of the flame depending, to a certain extent, on the number of the elements used: for instance, with 360 series of the constant battery, Mr. Gassiot obtained a continued flame of 1½ inch in length, but no action could be observed until the circuit had been actually completed. With the extended series of Zamboni's pile described in this paper, a spark appeared when the connecting wires were approximated to about one-eighth of an inch; and a continued stream of minute sparks were invariably observed. In the latter arrangement, all the phenomena of the common electrical machine are obtained, without any of the properties of the voltaic battery. Mr. Walker stated that we were much in ignorance of the cause, more particularly the primary one, of the action of the dry piles. Mr. Pollock regretted that the examination of the dry piles had been so long neglected, as, otherwise, some mistaken views (especially that electric was founded upon chemical action alone) might have been corrected; and observed that the experiments of Dr. Faraday, upon induction, appeared to point out the connexion between insulating power and capacity for heat; that metals and oxide of manganese differed very much from air enclosed in the interstices of the paper, in their capacities for heat; and that such an arrangement must agree with the electric machine in having latent heat in excess, and differ from the voltaic battery, where latent heat was deficient. Mr. Gassiot's extended series was then exhibited, and also the effects above described.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, Nov. 1. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—Exhibited, specimens of *Myriophyllum alterniflorum*, a plant new to the British Flora. They had been discovered at Twycross, Leicestershire, and thence presented to the Society by the Rev. Andrew Bloxam. Mr. D. Cooper handed round a specimen of the same plant found on Wimbledon Common, Surrey, in 1836. Read, a paper by Mrs. Riley, 'On the Genus *Cystea*.' The authoress has for several years cultivated the genus *Cystea*, side by side in the same soil and situation, and exposed to the alternations of the same seasons; under which circumstances they retain and display more clearly their characteristic differences, and afford a correct test of specific variety. And Mrs. Riley, having observed and carefully examined them in different stages of growth, is of opinion that Sir J. E. Smith has correctly divided them into four distinct species, viz. *C. fragilis*, *C. dentata*, *C. angustata*, and *C. regia*. In her description of the *Cystea*, their arrangement according to Smith's "English Flora" was followed, and the remarks

of the subsequent authors were given, tending to their elucidation. The characters upon which Mrs. Riley grounded the claim of *C. angustata* to a specific difference, were—the form of the frond, in being broadest at the base; the different size of the opposite pinnae, their deep acuminate divisions, with the position and permanent distinctness of the sori; and the uredofilum being frequently found on this, but not on any other of the genus *Cystea*. We have thus selected the *C. angustata*, because, as Mrs. R. observes, it is most frequently confounded with the other species. The other three, however, were skilfully treated, and a tabular view represented the distinguished characteristics of the "four distinct species" of the genus *Cystea*, that beautiful family of Ferns.

#### METEOROLOGY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Paris, October 29th, 1838.

SIR,—I have been frequently indebted to the pages of your journal both for amusement and instruction, and as you occasionally notice meteorological phenomena, I take the liberty of sending you the following account of an aurora borealis observed by me on the evening of Tuesday, October 22d, near the small town of Saverne in the Vosges Mountains, about twenty-five miles from Strasburg, in case you like to make use of it. During the whole morning there had been a heavy cold mist over Strasburg and the Valley of the Rhine, which partially cleared away towards sunset. Full moon rose without the slightest burr, white fleecy clouds passing rapidly over her face from E. to W. but scarce air enough to stir a leaf. 8 o'clock, 15 minutes, the blood-red light appeared shooting up from the horizon W. by S. to nearly the centre of the sky's arch: W. horizon cloudy, E. misty, with a few stars visible. The light increased all the time W. by S. to N. but the colours less brilliant. 9h 45m red arch about double the width of a rainbow, quite across the sky, from W. to E. most vivid at its W. extremity. 9 o'clock, fading away. 9h 15m no trace remaining, sky cloudless. The brilliancy and intensity of the colour for the first quarter of an hour very remarkable. Weather since misty, raw, and cold.

Allow me to take this opportunity of expressing to you the high sense I entertain of the courage and perseverance you have manifested in the exclusion of all political bias from your literary criticisms.—I remain, &c.

R. GROSVENOR.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 31st October, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Doctor in Civil Law.*—W. F. White, Trinity College. *Masters of Arts.*—G. Moyle; Rev. R. P. Humfrey, Lincoln College; H. S. Baker, Exeter College; D. C. Legard, Scholar of University College; J. W. Nicholl, Jesus College. *Bachelors of Arts.*—The Earl of March, Christ Church; Hon. A. F. O. Liddell, Christ Church; R. M. Milner, Magdalen Hall; C. L. Rydes, Wadham College; F. P. Routh, Balliol College; Rev. J. C. Bentley, St. John's College, incorporated from Trinity College, Dublin.

24th instant, W. H. Cope, of Trinity College, Dublin, B.A. was incorporated of Magdalen Hall.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 2. Professor Wilson, the Director of the Society, in the chair.—Valuable contributions were presented to the library and museum, and members were elected. General Briggs addressed the meeting on the subject of a paper which he held in his hand; and observed that it would be recollect that, at the close of the last session, a paper, by Mr. W. Morley, had been read, announcing the discovery of a part of a work, the "Jami-al-Tawarikh," which had been for some centuries lost to the world. That was sufficiently curious; but he had now to announce a matter much more extraordinary, and, in fact, almost incredible: which was, that very recently another portion of the same lost work had been found in London; and that the two portions found, although probably separated for centuries, had once actually formed the same individual volume. The way in which this was made out would appear in the paper he was about to read, and which was written by

D. Forbes, Esq., Professor of Oriental Languages at King's College. The notices already given of the first portion discovered (*Vide Lit. Gaz.* No. 1171) render it unnecessary to say more here of this second portion, than to give the account of its discovery as read to the meeting. Mr. Forbes, in his paper, stated that, in the course of his professional duties, he had visited a house in which was deposited a collection of Oriental MSS. which belonged to the late Colonel Baillie. One of these, a large Arabic MS. with many pictures, more especially took his attention. The title written upon it was the "Tarikh Tabari;" but upon examination he found that the work came down to a date much more recent than the time of Tabari, and he requested an intelligent native of India to look at it. This gentleman, who has the Vakeel of the Raja of Sattarah, had, some time previous, been looking over the volume in the library of the Society before described; and he immediately declared that this was the very book he had been reading. This, it was evident, could not be the case, but the remark excited attention; the book in the Society's library, and the newly found MS. were brought together, and it was really evident that the two parts formed one book. It appears, however, that the two portions united would not yet complete the volume: several deficiencies still remain, which, we fear, there is small hope of supplying. It is too much to expect such another wonder; but at any rate we may congratulate Oriental scholars on the discovery of so large a portion of the lost work of Raschid-ed-din. Prof. Wilson introduced to the meeting J. Vigne, Esq., a gentleman who has just returned from a journey of seven years' duration, during which time he had passed through Cashmere, Great and Little Thibet, the Punjab, Cabul, and other regions, some of which had never been visited by any European, or, at least, had never been fully described. Mr. Vigne left England in 1832: he went to Persia, passed through Teheran, Mazanderan, and Bushire; from whence he sailed to Bombay. He afterwards went by Jamba and Rajawar to Cashmere, where he resided a considerable time, traversing the province in many directions, and crossing into Thibet by several passes; so that he has been able to prepare a complete map, as far as the Indus to the north. From Cashmere, he crossed the table-land of Dassu to Iskardo, the capital of Baltistan (or Little Thibet), a town on the Indus; the position of which had hitherto been doubtful, and which, so far as we are aware, had not before been visited by a European. This town Mr. Vigne calls a wild and extraordinary place, and compares it to Gibraltar. The tradition of the inhabitants is, that they are descended from the Greeks who accompanied Alexander the Great, and that the name of Iskardo is derived from Alexander, called in the East Iskander. From Baltistan, Mr. Vigne returned to India through the mountains on the east of Cashmere, and visited several of the capitals of the Hill States in that part of the Himalaya Mountains. He then went to Ghizni, a place which recent events have made a subject of great interest; and a drawing of that celebrated city was exhibited to the meeting, and the spot where the attack of the British took place was pointed out. He then returned to Cabul, in the vicinity of which he made numerous excursions; and from thence travelled to Loodiana, early in the present year. From Loodiana he sailed down the Indus, reached Bombay, and from Bombay came to England by way of Egypt. A good

deal of this journey, Professor Wilson observed, was quite new; the Jesuits had written accounts of their journeys through parts of it; but their narrations were summary, and chiefly personal. Bernier was fuller, and more interesting; but his objects were less varied and extensive than those of travellers of the present day. Forster's accounts of Cashmere were valuable in the absence of any other; but his opportunities had been few, and his sojourn short. The account of Moorcroft, who had resided for ten months at the capital of Cashmere, was much fuller than any previous narration; and it had been for some time ready for publication, but the delivery of it was delayed by want of the completion of the map which is to accompany it. Moorcroft's tour in Cashmere was also limited to the southern portion; and was, besides, undertaken twenty years ago; and great changes had since taken place. The celebrated M. Jacquemont had also made Cashmere the scene of his investigations; but that part of his journal had not yet been published; and his inquiries, like Moorcroft's, were chiefly confined to the capital, and the valley in which it is situated; whilst Mr. Vigne has had the advantage of visiting places which had been shut up by physical or political obstacles both to Moorcroft and Jacquemont. The country N.E. of Cashmere quite new ground; and the visit of Mr. Vigne to Iskardo cannot fail to be of very great interest. His observations in that quarter will add very materially to our knowledge of the geography of that lofty region, and to that of the course of the Indus from the frontiers of Ladakh to its issue on the plains of India. Professor Wilson finally observed, that it was to be regretted that Mr. Vigne had not been able to visit the district of Nobra, and to trace the course of the Shayuk, from its confluence with the Indus, to its source. Mr. Vigne had, however, visited a good deal of the lower part of this northern branch, and had also accurately traced the main body of the river on the west of Iskardo, to where it turns to the south, and breaks through the mountain-barrier which opposes it on that side. The Hill States of Chamba, and others in this quarter, had also been visited now for the first time; and the knowledge thus obtained had enabled us to complete the geography of the upper part of the Punjab. A most interesting display of drawings of places, persons, and scenery, made by Mr. Vigne, was laid upon the table; also various geological and zoological specimens collected by him, which were fully appreciated by the company present.—Adjourned.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS

## FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 9 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Zoolo-

gical, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts (Illustration, Mr. Ainger on

Warming and Ventilating Buildings), 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Medico-Botani-

cal, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries,

8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Guy's Hospital Physical

Society, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Monday, the 4th instant, a general assembly of the Academicians was held in their apartments at Trafalgar Square, when Philip Hardwick, Esq. was duly elected an Associate of the Royal Academy of Arts. At the same meeting, Charles Robert Cockerell, Esq. R.A. was duly elected Professor of Architecture of

that Institution, in the room of William Wilkins, Esq. R.A. deceased.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## BLANK VERSE

Is dangerously easy to write, which is one reason why it is often so painfully difficult to read; nay, we sometimes blurt out a blank verse in talking, contrary to our best intentions; or, as the old example runs,

" We make such verse when we are writing prose,  
We make such verse in common conversation."

Here is another remarkable instance—a bit of leading article, or a speech from a modern play, whichever you please; read it, young writers, and learn to tag your lines:—

We've just received, at four o'clock this morning, An *assiette* from Paris, briefly stating That Louis Philippe, king and citizen, Again was shot at, and again was missed; But what nefarious hand had fired the pistol Was not yet known, but most diversely guessed at. Who can have instigated such a deed? Some say the Carlists, full of spleen and rancour; Others, more probably, the fell republicans; While some, and those the deepest politicians, Instigate that 'tis the *junte militaire*, Who play a most involved and crafty game, And once or twice a year shoot at their king, To throw the odium on the other parties. The Buonapartists say 'tis English gold (The hidden cause of all that's wrong in France), Which, most profusely scattered over Paris, Buys balls and pistols, powder and assassins, While the arch contrivants quietly sit at home, Ordering a plot, just as you would a carpet. Is it not, they cry, most shamefully notorious, That, taught by bags of climbing sovereigns, Our noble ministry retains Algiers? The reason why 'tis not is plain enough; The fox-like cabinet of foreign London Hopes, in that dreadfully unhealthy country, The whole French army may in time die out: But is it right, we ask, that Pierre Bonaparte Should lose his life by intermittent fever, Only to gratify Lord Palmerston?

(*Cetera desunt.*)

OSTROGOTH.

## SONNET ON CRAIGMILLAR CASTLE.\*

In these deserted halls, now mantled o'er With the oblivious ivy, where no sound Save of the wailing blast is heard around, Entering unbidden at each open door;— Here revelry was rife in days of yore, And jocund Dance, at Music's festive call, Startled the echoes of each vaulted hall, What time fair Mary Scotland's sceptre bore. Here, too, would Chatelar awake his lute, While love-sick Beauty o'er the minstrel hung; Or breathless silence hold each listener mute, While Rizzio struck the lyre and Mary sung. The pensive recollection of the scene Is all that now remains of what hath been.

R.B.S.

## BIOGRAPHY.

## MR. CHARLES M. CURTIS.

IT is with much regret we announce the death of this very clever artist. Though little known to the public, yet the loss of one who could with so much accuracy delineate and render permanent the observations and discoveries of the naturalist and the man of science, claims to be recorded. Mr. Curtis (brother to the author of "British Entomology") was a native of Norwich. For many years past he resided in town, devoting his time and talents to drawing objects of natural history; in which department, from his extreme correctness and conscientious adherence to truth, he greatly excelled. These qualities, so well appreciated by scientific persons, gave great value to his productions, and recom-

\* Craigmillar Castle (the ruins of which still form a picturesque object in the scenery in the vicinity of Edinburgh) was one of the favourite residences of the lovely and unfortunate Mary Stuart.

mended him to the leading men of the day, in the illustration of whose works his name will be extensively found. Illness induced Mr. Curtis to visit the country, but change of air brought no improvement to his health; and, having gradually sunk under an overpowering consumption, he expired on the 16th of October, 1839. His unobtrusive character, and his courteous and gentlemanly manners, gained him the respect and goodwill of all who knew him; and his moral worth will be long and justly valued by his friends.

## SKETCHES.

## FRENCH CONSPIRACIES.

As a sequel to the history of French conspiracies, given in our last No. the following account of new plots and discoveries (received only on Monday) cannot fail to interest the reader:—

"In consequence of information which had reached the authorities that many persons, who had formerly belonged to secret societies, and the habit of assembling clandestinely, and that they were manufacturing powder, cartridges, and balls, and a kind of bomb, containing balls and powder, warrants were issued for the apprehension of several of these persons, and a search was ordered in the places frequented by them. On Tuesday last the police entered a room at No. 22, in the Rue des Lombards, where they seized a trunk containing ninety-five parcels, containing each a pound of gunpowder, and another containing twelve pounds, with several utensils for the manufacture of powder and cartridges. Three persons who were in this room were arrested. At No. 30, in the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, the police found a bale containing twenty bombs or projectiles, packed in oiled cloth, and carefully tied up; each containing a pound of powder in the first envelope, surrounded by a great number of balls, and forming a total weight of six or seven pounds. Each of these projectiles has a lance with a fuse. The two persons who occupied the room in which this seizure was made, were arrested. One of them had been lying under the eye of the police. In the Rue de Reuilly, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a seizure was made of twenty-five pounds of powder, a great number of cartridges, several instruments for the manufacture of powder, and a receipt for the making of it; and also a number of guns and pistols. At Creteil, a village two leagues from Paris, an individual, who has been manufacturing fuses such as those mentioned above, was arrested, as also his sister-in-law, who lives in the Rue St. Jacques. At the residence of this female, a great number of articles used in the manufacture of gunpowder were found. The ministerial evening journal adds that other seizures and arrests have taken place. The total number of arrests is eleven, all of whom belong, it says, to secret societies."

## THE DRAMA.

*Drury Lane*.—Among the novelties at this theatre, Mr. Hackett has several times performed the difficult part of *Falstaff* in *Henry IV*. We have hardly ever witnessed this attempt without having to offer the same remark,—that *Falstaff* is so idealised by every reader of Shakspeare, every one creating a standard for himself, differing from the actor's conception, it is utterly impossible to play it up to the various opinions of the public. Mr. Hackett's personation appears to us to be hard. *Falstaff*, to our notion, is not merely a stuffed knight, but a fat knight. Oiliiness and unctuous are as inseparable from him as life and motion; and these the performer wants. He is ruder and rougher, too, than our fancy portrait; for, though sometimes roystering with his inferiors, *Falstaff* is the companion of a prince, and himself a gentleman. The softness of the Sybarite is essential to his profligacy; his hands should feel like satin velvet; his frame like a bladder loosely blown up; and his speech and manners would match the dissolute effeminity of his sensual career. In the finer touches of these qualities, we think his representative deficient; but, as we have observed, he may take a view of the subject widely distinct from ours, and consequently embody it as he has done in the case before us.

Whilst speaking of this theatre, we ought, before now, to have mentioned the charming

style in which, generally, two pieces of fine music are given nightly by the orchestra, led by Mr. Eliason. Overtures, &c. of the greatest masters, and most popular kind, are performed before and after the play with a precision and effect highly gratifying to musical taste. A French journal, we see, noticing the *Fairy Lake*, states that Auber's music is not produced in it for John Bull: now, this is a mistake; for we stated truly, on the first night, that more of Auber's score was given than at the *Strand*: in fact, there were eight or ten of his compositions.

*Covent Garden*.—On Monday, *Love*, "a play in five acts," by Sheridan Knowles, was produced here; and generally well acted to a house crowded throughout. Of the multitude, we were rather sorry to observe that a great proportion must have belonged to the free list; the crush at whose place of admission was, as on the opening night, a serious and almost dangerous nuisance. The liberality of the management in this respect ought, we think, to be met by a corresponding consideration on the part of those who enjoy the privilege; so that, on especial occasions, the full extent should not be put in requisition, to the excessive inconvenience of all who enter in this way, the pressure and confusion of the audience, and the injury of the theatre.

The production of the drama itself is honourable to the house; and it must be a gratification to the admirers of the stage, that within one week we have had two sterling plays brought forward, of a high order of literature and merit, and written by men whose genius will give delight to generations yet unborn. This, let us never forget, we owe to *William Macready*, who raised the drama from its lowest abyss, and afforded it another fair chance on English ground.

The entire scope of the play is to exhibit Love the "Lord victorious over all." The *Countess* (Miss E. Tree), only daughter and heir of a reigning *Duke of Carinthia* (Cooper), and as proud as Lucifer, struggles against or conceals a passion for *Huon* (Anderson), a serf, who, from her childish companion, has become her secretary and instructor. Him she treats with unmeasured scornfulness externally, till an accident of rather a pantomimic class, viz. seeing him struck by lightning whilst taking shelter beneath a tree,\* betrays the secret of her affections to a penetrating courtier, *Ulrick* (Diddear), who proceeds to communicate his discovery to her father. He calls on *Huon* to satisfy his suspicions, and dooms him, on pain of death within an hour, to marry *Catherine* (Vestriss), an enfranchised serf, and thus put an end to the hopes of either his mistress or himself. The *Countess* overhears this threat, and, in a passionate interview with *Huon*, confesses her love for him, and, as a proof of his for her, commands him to sign the marriage-contract with *Catherine*. With this he indignantly complies, goes secretly to the chapel, is married to one of two veiled ladies, and flies from the oppression. With this ends the third act, and with it the essence of the drama. A new interest is endeavoured to be created by conjuring up in the *Countess* a spirit of jealousy of the *Empress* (Mrs. Brougham), hitherto unseen; but it is impossible to take so wide a leap in the twinkling of a drop-curtain as to suppose the serf a hero elevated to nobility by an empress, and likely to be made the partaker of her throne. To accomplish this, Knowles has done his ut-

\* A large oak-tree, which is blasted and split all to pieces: for *Huon* adheres to *Trees* throughout, and will not remove from the peril.

most; unexpected mystery after mystery succeeds, and it seems a mere toss whether the thing is to end happily or miserably. Equivoques are the spring of every scene; yet no one can ever fancy that the *Countess* has any sufficient cause of jealousy, or that she can herself believe that she has. An under-plot, in which *Catherine* and her lover, *Sir Rupert* (Vining), take the lead, is in like manner subjected to mysterious misapprehensions and disguises; which, being very long, help through and protect the last two acts, and at the close supersede the main story. These are the prominent errors in the dramatic construction of *Love*; and a considerable resemblance to the *Hunchback* may also be mentioned as another drawback. Considerable curtailment in these respects will greatly improve the effect.

But our pleasantest task is to speak of the poetry and sentiment with which the composition abounds. Abating some curious antique words which the author seems fond of using, and sometimes in a new sense, his style is very beautiful; and, after Shakspeare himself, we know not the dramatist who so felicitously draws the female character, and whose heroines are endowed with such perfect feminine feelings. Neither are we acquainted with one who has so eloquently and truly painted the master-passion of Love. Thus *Catherine*:—

"No telling how love thrives! to what it comes!  
Whence grows! 'Tis e'en of a mysterious root,  
As the pine that makes its lodging of the rock,  
Yet there it lives, a huge tree, flourishing,  
Where you would think a blade of grass would die!  
What is love's poison, if it be not hate?  
Yet in that poison, oft is found love's food.  
Frowns that are clouds to us, are sun to him!  
He finds a music in a scornful tongue,  
That melts him more than softest melody—  
Passion perverting all things to its mood,  
And, spite of nature, matching opposites!"

Thus *Huon*:—

"Wedlock joins nothing, if it joins not hearts.  
Marriage was never meant for coats of arms.  
Heraldry flourishes on metal, silk,  
Or wood. Examine as you will the blood,  
No painting on't is there!—as red, as warm,  
The peasant's as the noble's!"

Thus *Ulrick* (in a strain resembling the description of "Queen Mab") :—

"I said it was a wilful, wayward thing,  
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!  
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,  
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong.  
It is the bee that finds the honey out,  
Where least you'd dream 't would seek the nectarous store.

And 't is an arrant masquer—this same love—  
That most outlandish, freakish faces wears  
To hide its own! Looks a proud Spaniard now;  
Now a grave Turk; hot Ethiop next;  
And then phlegmatic Englishman; and then  
Gay Frenchman; by and by, Italian, at  
All things a song; and in another skip,  
Graft Dutchman;—still is love behind the masque?  
Is he a hypocrite?—looks every way,  
But that where lie is looking—will openly  
Frown at the thing it smiles in secret on;  
Shows most like hate, e'en when it most is love;  
Would fain convince you it is very rock  
When it is water; ice when it is fire!  
Is oft its own dupe, like a thorough cheat;  
Persuades itself 't is not the thing it is;  
Holds up its head; purses its brows, and looks  
Askant, with scornful lip, hugging itself  
That it is high disdain—till suddenly  
It falls on its knees, making most piteous suit  
With bair of tears, and hurricane of sighs,  
Calling on heaven and earth for witnesses  
That it is love, true love—nothing but love!"

And again :—

"Oh, never did achievement rival Love's;  
For daring enterprise and execution.  
It will do miracles; attempt such things  
As make ambition, fiery as it is,  
Dull plodding tameness, in comparison.  
Talk of the miser's passion for his store—  
'T is milk and water to the lover's;  
Which Defies the mines of earth and caves of ocean  
To match its treasure! Talk of height, breadth, depth—  
There is no measure for the lover's passion,  
No bounds to what 't will do!"

Thus the *Countess* (to *Huon*) :—

" Thy life was all one oath of love to me!  
Sworn to me daily, hourly, by thine eyes,  
Which, when they saw me, lighted up as though  
An angel's presence did enhance their sense,  
That I have seen their very colour change,  
Subliming into pale earthliness,  
Talk of the adoration of the tongue—  
Compare love's name, a sound which any life  
Can pipe ! a breath ! with holy love itself!  
Then 't is not forsworn, because thou'lt not oath?  
What were thy accents then? thy accents, *Huon*?  
O ! they did turn thy lightest words to oaths,  
Touching the burden of a love-fraught soul!  
Telling a tale which my young nature caught  
With interest so deep, was cou'd by heart  
Before I knew the fatal argument!"

And thus the lovers :—

" *Countess*. Thou art rewarded, pride!  
Meet thy deserts! Shew thy high breeding now!  
Meet stately! throw thy spurning glances round!  
And talk as mighty things as though the earth  
Were made for thee alone! Where's thy domineering?  
Gone! and thy palace, what is it? a ruin!  
And what art thou thyself? a beggar now!  
*Huon*, thou loved me once!" (Bursting into tears.)

" *Huon*. I loved thee once!  
Oh, tell me, when was it I loved thee not?  
Was't not in my childhood, boyish, unfeigned? Oh !  
In all of them I loved thee? And were I now  
To live the span of my first life, twice told,  
And then to witness thee surviving me,  
And et I lived in thy sweet memory,  
Then might'st thou say of me, ' He loved me once ;  
But that was all his life !'

" *Countess*. 'Twas heart for heart!  
I loved thee ever! Yes! the passion now  
Thrills on the woman's tongue; the girl's had told  
thee,  
Had I been as bold as fond."

Having so finely given evidence of the staple of the play, we must still select a few of its noble passages addressed to other subjects :—

" *Catherine*. Sir, I am  
A young Diogenes in petticoats.  
I have strings of axioms. Here are more for you.  
They say that beauty needs not ornament;  
But sooth she fares the better having it,  
Although she keeps it in her drawer.

" *Sir Rupert*. Indeed?  
*Catherine*. Indeed, and very dead. For I have known  
Bracelets and rings do miracles, where nature  
Play'd niggard, and did nothing, or next to it;  
Beat lotions in improving of the skin,  
And mend a curve the surgeon had given up  
As hopeless.

" *Sir Rupert*. Nay, you speak in irony.  
*Catherine*. I speak in truth, speaking in irony;  
For irony is but a laughing truth  
Told of a worthless thing.

• \* \* \* \*  
A lover is the dullest thing on earth.  
Who but a lover—or his antipodes.  
A wise man—ever found out that the use  
Of his tongue was to hold it?"

*Huon* on being induced to sign the contract :—

" That I were dead!  
Oh, what is death compared to slavery!  
Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it,  
When Heaven set man above them; but no mark,  
Definite and indelible, put  
Upon one man to mark him from another,  
That he should live his slave. O heavy curse!  
To have the thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,  
Passions, and considerings, of another man,  
And not have equal liberty to use them,  
But call his master their master? Why was I born  
With passion to be free—with faculties  
To use enlargement—with desires that cleave  
To high achievements—and with sympathies  
Attracting me to objects fair and noble—  
And yet with power over myself as little  
As any heart of burden? Why should I live?  
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame,  
So high in them is nature; whom the spur  
And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe  
Into prouder mettle;—that will let you kill them,  
Ere they will suffer you to master them.  
I am a man, and live!"

• \* \* \* \*  
" The wounded body heals,  
The pain is over, all is sound again,  
A scar reminds you of it—nothing more!  
Not so the heart, you lacerate it once!  
Habit may dull, pursue engross—divert—  
But never are you ransom'd from the throe.  
Live your meridian out it comes again,  
Fresh as at first, to make you write anew."

When *Huon* is reminded that his blood is base, he replies with impressive dignity,—

" Madam, men's natures are  
Their blood; they have no other—high or low."  
This was very effective, and so was the despair of the *Countess*, with which we close :—

" *Empress*. Girl, be direct with me,  
Nor in the headlong passion of your soul,  
That seem to joy in strife and wrack, forget  
'Tis your liege lady that vouchsafes you audience.  
*Countess*. That I forget, and every thing beside,  
Forgetting the past, and reviving which  
The earth hath shrunk in estimation  
Into a grain—the sun into a spark!  
Nought hath kept substance but my desolation,  
Which seems to me to fill up space itself  
Till nothing else hath room."

To bestow our praise on passages like these would be a waste of panegyric. They speak for themselves (though we must critically confess there is more of rhetoric than of feeling to touch the heart throughout); and, we rejoice to add, were exceedingly well spoken in the representation of the play. Miss Ellen Tree has an arduous character requiring all (perhaps more than all) her physical powers, and she acquitted herself admirably wherever she was not called on for too much exertion. She is of the Kean school, and its foremost ornament. Mr. Anderson has also an arduous task, and performed it bravely and effectively. He is one of the Macready school, and its most promising *élève*. Vestris was arch and lively; her sweet and distinct enunciation is music to the ear. She is of her own school. Cooper ("whose business 'tis to die") sustains the part of the father with great discrimination and feeling; and by this means makes the long scene with *Huon* and the result, worth nearly all the rest of the play put together. This is its stronghold. Mrs. Brougham looked most imperial in the *Empress*, and Miss Lee a becoming attendant for the *Countess*. The other knights, except *Ulrick*, well and clearly performed by Didear, are little more than walking gentlemen; though *Rupert* may also claim a slight exception for two or three brief sentences he has to address to *Catherine*. The scenery is magnificent, and the costumes splendid and unexceptionable in point of correctness. Yet we might remark that Vestris's vizor, and such armour as the *Prince of Milan* (Selby) wears, have rather a ludicrous effect upon the stage, though perfectly true to models handed down from ancient Italy to Pratt's *Exhibition* and the Eglington Tournament. And talking of tournaments, *Love* ends with one which the audience does not see; *Love*, we suppose, being blind. We were thankful that this disappointment was not attended by a deluge of rain.

The play was given out for repetition amid shouts of applause. The author was called for, but he avoided this continental compliment (for which we thank him), and Miss Tree alone was clamoured into the presence to undergo this puerile and senseless ordeal.

*Haymarket*.—The *Sea-Captain* fulfils our prediction, and draws excellent houses every night. This, in spite of a great deal of criticism, which seems to us to be more directed against the political than the dramatic position of the author. It is a pity that the one should be allowed to interfere with the other; but the common sense and sound judgment of the public almost always rectifies the matter—sooner or later.

*St. James's Théâtre* opened on Tuesday, with a slight opera altered from the *Woodman*, and well supported by Phillips, Allen, Mrs. Franks, and Miss Adeline Cooper, and the revival of

*Monsieur Jacquez*, with Moses Barnett. *La Fille mal Gardée*, a French ballet, with French and foreign women, was, however, the principal novelty, and more congenial to the programme of this theatre's attractions. On a very large stage, more dimly and indistinctly seen, the gyrations of the *danses* often revolt the mind; but those whose habits of life lead them to take pleasure in such exhibitions will find every thing to gratify their appetites on these boards, with their *filles* unguarded enough, and almost undressed.

### VARIETIES.

*Magnets for the Antarctic Expedition*.—Our readers will recollect that when a correspondent in "The Times" impugned the efficacy of the magnets employed in the expedition under Captain James Ross, we took upon ourselves to contradict the accuracy of that statement, and gave reasons for discrediting it. We stated that Major Sabine and Professor Lloyd (the individuals best qualified to set the matter right since the sailing of the vessels) being abroad, we were the more anxious to relieve the public anxiety on this account; and it now gives us great pleasure to observe, by a letter from Professor Lloyd, in "The Times" of Wednesday, that our view of the subject is completely borne out by the explanations of that very eminent and unquestionable authority.

*Leipzig Autumn Book-Fair*.—The sales, indicating the present condition of German literature and publication, state 4071 new works to have been published by 518 booksellers within the last half-year. During the same period in 1829, the number was only 3000; and in 1819, 1300; so that a prodigious increase, which seems to be continuing, has taken place between each decennial epoch.

*Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum-Book* (Sudbury), with its pleasing poetry and miscellaneous contents, as usual greets the ensuing year, 1840. Bernard Barton is among its contributors, and has some companions not unworthy of his association. This is great praise for a provincial pocket-book, which is also well arranged for usefulness in other respects.

*Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository* (Ipswich) also claims our notice and approbation. It is on a similar plan, and, besides embellishments and poetry, all the divisions for almanack references and keeping housewife accounts, and other memoranda.

*The Haileybury Observer* (four Numbers, from 9th to 30th October inclusive) has reached us; for which we thank its editors, and at the same time congratulate them, and the important school to which they belong, on the manner in which they have thus exhibited promise of its talents; and still more on undertaking a course so likely to lead to effort, emulation, and improvement.

The "Adamus Ezeil" of *Grotius*, of which a well-executed translation has just appeared in "The Monthly Magazine," is certainly well, worth the attention of the literary world. Mr. Francis Barham (the translator) has achieved an interesting object by ascertaining a genuine copy of this work; and we have read with pleasure every line of a composition which so clearly establishes itself as the prototype of the noblest poem in our language, Milton's "Paradise Lost." Never did the genius of the old blind schoolmaster shine more brilliantly, than when we contemplate the manner in which it soared and expanded itself from this suggestive ground; which, from its importance and merit, ought certainly to be separately published.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. C. Heath has announced a series of the principal scenes exhibited at Eglington Castle during the late Tournament. The drawings in lithography by E. Corbould, from sketches taken by himself upon the spot, and each plate accompanied by descriptive letterpress.

A new edition of "Piers Ploughman" is in the press, edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, whose "Anglo-Saxon Essay" was so largely quoted by us a few months ago.

## In the Press.

Indian Orphans, a Narrative of Facts; including many notices of the Rev. H. Martyn, and of the Right Rev. D. Corrie, Lord Bishop of Madras, by Mrs. Sherwood.—The Former and the Latter Rain, by the same Author.—Essays, Addresses, and Reviews, by the Rev. R. Nesbit, Missionary of the Church of Scotland, Bombay.—Dr. H. Humble, M.D., A Geological and Mineralogical Dictionary, including the terms generally used in Botany, Conchology, Comparative Anatomy, Entomology, Zoology, and those other branches of Natural History connected with the study of Geology.—Outlines to illustrate a moral allegory, entitled "The Fight of Freewill," by Richard Westmacott, jun. A.R.A.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Manual of British Beetles; a Description of all the Species found in Britain, by J. F. Stephens, F.L.S. &c. Post 8vo. 14s.—A Treatise on the Diseases of the Horse, by William Mackenzie, M.D. 3d edition enlarged, 8vo. 25s.—Sandal in the Olden Time, a Historical Poem, 12mo. 4s.—Treatise on Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric (from the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"), post 8vo. 6s.—Historical Records of the British Army; Sixth Foot, or Royal First Warwickshire, 8vo. 8s.—Abstract of the Evidence on the State of Crime in Ireland, by D. Leahy, Esq. 8vo. 2s. 2d.—The Little Forget-me-Not, 2s. 6d. plain; 4s. coloured.—Emendations of the Authorised Version of the Old Testament, by S. Newman, 8vo. 4s.—Christian Services, by the Rev. P. Wilson, 8vo. 6s.—Memoirs of Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans's, by Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2s.—Dodd's Church History, Vol. II, 8vo. 12s.—Gideon; or, the Humble Christian, by H. W. Munn, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—Sterne's Sentimental Journey, 8vo. with woodcuts. 8s.—Principles of Effect and Colour, by G. F. Phillips, 3d edition, oblong 4to. 2s.—The Vicar Fire-side. Little Stories, Square, 3s. 6d.—The Protestant's Army, 12mo. 7s.—Rev. E. Bickersteth's Chief Concerns of Man, 4th edition, 12mo. 5s.—Bishop Hurd on the Prophecies, by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, 12mo. 4s.—Somerset, by Lady E. S. Wodehouse, post 8vo. 6s.—Perilous Adventures of Quilkin, Harewood, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Euclid's Elements, by W. D. Cooley, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Figures of Euclid, by W. D. Cooley, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Venal Indulgences of the Church of Rome, by the Rev. J. Mendham, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Cambridge Prize Poems, new edition, fcap. 6s.—Treatise on Obstetric Auscultation, by Dr. H. F. Naegle, translated by C. West, 18mo. 3s.—The Jesuit, from the German of Spindler, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Eye, by J. C. A. Frank, M.D. post 8vo. 1s. 6d.—The Ball I live on; or, Sketches of the Earth, 18mo. 2s.—J. T. Smith's View of Ancient History, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Annual, 1840, square, 5s.—Select Memoirs of Young Christian Females, by a Lady, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Sketches and Souvenirs, by E. F. fcap. 5s.—T. Whately's Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare, edited by Archdeacon Whately, fcap. 4s.—Sir J. E. Alexander's Life of Wellington, Vol. I, 8vo. 14s.—Viola, the Affianced; or, 'Tis an Old Tale and often Told, 2d edition, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Biographical Varieties, by J. Whitecross, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—C. Morrison on the Millennium, 12mo. 2s.—Memoirs of the Rev. J. Head, by the Rev. J. Priestley, 12mo. 4s.—Poems, by G. Bedow, 12mo. 4s.—Aurea Sententiae, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Wilkinson's Scopula Maps, royal 4to. 7s.—The Churchman's Family Prayer-Book, by J. Porter, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Tegnér's Fritiof's Saga, 8vo. 15s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1839.

October.	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
	From 37 to 41	29-68 to 29-70	29-69	29-64
Wednesday .. 31	39	47	29-69	29-64
November ..			29-60	29-59
Friday .. 1	41	47	29-60	29-59
Saturday .. 2	44	53	29-52	29-53
Sunday .. 3	44	53	29-52	29-53
Monday .. 4	45	53	29-44	29-45
Tuesday .. 5	43	51	29-45	29-46
Wednesday .. 6	44	50	29-63	29-60

Winds, N.E. and S.W.

Except the afternoon of the 4th, cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.

Rain fallen, 6875 of an inch.

November Meteors.—We have to remind our readers that the next periodic fall of these phenomena may be expected to take place from the 11th to the 15th of the present month.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Citizen, No. I. (Dublin, Doyle; London, Groombridge.)—A new monthly journal of politics, literature, and art, the receipt of which we have to acknowledge from our obliging contemporaries at Dublin. Some of the papers, especially those upon the most important subjects, display great ability.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE MODEL of the BATTLE of WATERLOO is now EXHIBITED at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from Ten in the Morning until Nine in the Evening. Admission, One Shilling each. It being the intention of Mr. Silburt, in compliance with a request that we make, that the Model be shown in different buildings in London, shall have an opportunity of studying the Model, it is hereby notified that they will be admitted in Companies, if attended by a Sergeant, so that no interruption shall be given to the usual Visitors.

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## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

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